

John Hillier - Landsurveyor - Berwick
near Manchester
1830

THE

TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY:

A
COLLECTION
OF
CHOICE SONGS,
SCOTS AND ENGLISH,
IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE EIGHTEENTH EDITION.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

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DEDICATION.

*To ilka lovely British Lass,
Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
Dooten to ilk bunny singing Bels,
Wha dances barefoot on the Green.*

DEAR LASSES,

Y^OUR most humble slave,
Wha ne'er to serve you shall decline,
Kneeling, wad your acceptance crave,
When he presents this sma' propine.

Then take it kindly to your care,
Revive it with your tunefu' notes :
Its beauties will look sweet and fair,
Arising fastly through your throats.

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
When tented by a sparkling eye,
The spinet tinkling with her voice,
It lying on her lovely knee.

While kettles dringe on ingles dour,
Or clafhes ftay the lazy lafs;
Thir fangs may ward you frae the four,
And gaily vacant minutes pafs.

E'en while the tea's fill'd reeking round,
Rather than plot a tender tongue,
Treat a' the circling lugs wi' found,
Syne fafely fip when ye have fung.

May happinefs haud up your hearts,
And warm you lang with loving Sires:
May pow'rs propitious play their parts,
In matching you to your defires.

EDINBURGH, }
JAN. I. 1724. }

A. RAMSAY.

P R E F A C E.

ALTHOUGH it be acknowledged, that our Scots Tunes have not lengthened variety of Music, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural sweetness that make them acceptable wherever they are known, not only among ourselves, but in other countries. They are for the most part so cheerful, that, on hearing them well played or sung, we find a difficulty to keep ourselves from dancing. What further adds to the esteem we have for them, is their antiquity, and their being universally known. Mankind's love for novelty would appear to contradict this reason; but will not, when we consider, that for one that can tolerably entertain with vocal or instrumental Music, there are fifty who content themselves with the pleasure of hearing, and singing without the trouble of being taught: Now, such are not judges of the fine flourishes of new Music imported from Italy and elsewhere, yet will listen with pleasure to Tunes that they know, and can join with in the Chorus. Say that our way is only an harmonious speaking of merry, witty, or soft thoughts, after the Poet has dressed them in four or five stanzas;

yet undoubtedly these must relish best with people, who have not bestowed much of their time in acquiring a taste for that downright perfect Music, which requires none, or very little of the Poet's assistance.

My being well assured, how acceptable new words to known Tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verses for above sixty of them, in this and the second Volume: about thirty more were done by some ingenious young Gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my undertaking, that they generously lent me their assistance; and to them the lovers of Sense and Music are obliged for some of the best Songs in the Collection. The rest are such old verses as have been done time out of mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the dross of blundering Transcribers and Printers; such as, 'The Gaberlunzie Man, Muir-land Willy,' &c. that claim their place in our Collection, for their merry images of the low character.

THIS twelfth Edition in a few years, and the general demand for the Book by persons of all ranks, wherever our language is understood, is a sure evidence of

its being acceptable. My worthy friend, Dr. Bannerman, tells me from America,

Nor only do your lays o'er Britain flow,
Round all the globe your happy sonnets go ;
Here thy soft verse made to a Scottish air,
Are often sung by our Virginian fair.
Camilla's warbling notes are heard no more,
But yield to Last time I came o'er the moor ;
Hydaspes and Rinaldo both give way
To Mary Scot, Tweed-side, and Mary Gray.

FROM this and the following Volume, Mr. Thomson (who is allowed by all to be a good teacher and singer of Scots Songs,) culled his Orpheus Caledonius, the music for both the voice and flute, and the words of the Songs finely engraven in a folio book, for the use of persons of the highest quality in Britain, and dedicated to the late Queen. 'This, by the by, I thought proper to intimate, and do myself that justice which the Publisher neglected; since he ought to have acquainted his illustrious list of Subscribers, that the most of the Songs were mine, the Music abstracted.

IN my Compositions and Collections, I have kept out all smut and ribaldry, that the modest

voice and ear of the fair finger might meet with no affront, the chief bent of all my studies being to gain their good graces ; and it shall always be my care to ward off those frowns that would prove mortal to my muse.

Now, little books, go your ways ; be assured of favourable reception where-ever the sun shines on the free-born cheerful Briton ; steal yourselves into the ladies bosoms. Happy volumes ! You are to live too as long as the Song of Homer in Greek and English, and mix your ashes only with the Odes of Horace. Were it but my fate, when old and ruffled, like you to be again reprinted, what a curious figure would I appear on the utmost limits of time, after a thousand editions ? Happy volumes ! you are secure, but I must yield ; please the Ladies, and take care of my fame.

In hopes of this, fearless of coming age,
I'll smile through life ; and, when for rhyme
renown'd,
I'll calmly quit the farce and giddy stage,
And sleep beneath a flow'ry turf full sound.

I N D E X.

Beginning with the first Line of every Song.

*The Songs marked C, D, H, L, M, O, &c.
are new Words by different Hands ; X, the
Authors unknown ; Z, old Songs ; Q, old
Songs with Additions.*

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I N D E X.

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THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY.

PART FIRST.

BONNY CHRISTY.

HOW sweetly smells the Simmer green !
Sweet taste the peach and cherry :
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry ;
But finest colours, fruits, and flow'rs,
And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with those of Christy.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in consort chanting ?
But if my Christy tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration ;
My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
And drap the haill creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman :
But, dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother ;
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear she love another.

VOL. I.

C

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 His Christy did o'erhear him ;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look
 Which left nae room to doubt her ;
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And sang his arms about her.

My Christy !——witness bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a dream ;
 O love the maist surprising !
 Time was too precious now for tauk ;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna wi' set speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on kisses.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell you how Peggy grieves me,
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her ;
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornfu' flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented ;
 If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember,
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
 Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender.
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

C.

 AN ODE.

Tune—*Polwarth on the Green.*

Tho' beauty, like the rose
 That smiles on Polwarth Green,
 In various colours shows
 As 'tis by fancy seen :
 Yet all its diff'rent glories ly
 United in the face,
 And virtue, like the sun on high,
 Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,
 So smooth, so calm her mind,
 That to some angel's care
 Each motion seems assign'd :
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,
 The joyful moments fly,
 As if for wings they stole the ray
 She darteth from her eye.

C 2

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
 With tuneful voice she sings,
 Perfume her breath and smile,
 And wave their balmy wings :
 But as the tender blushes rise,
 Soft innocence doth warm,
 The soul in blissful extacies
 Dissolveth in the charm.

D.

 TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose ?
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those ;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does Mary not 'tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep ?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare ;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 O ! tell me at noon where they feed ;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

SONG.

Tune—*Woe's my heart that we should sunder.*

Is Hamilla then my own ?
 O ! the dear, the charming treasure !
 Fortune now in vain shall frown ;
 All my future life is pleasure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
 Beauty warms her ev'ry feature ;
 Smiling heaven is in her face,
 All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms arise,
 Rosy smiles and kindling blushes ;
 Love sits laughing in her eyes,
 And betrays her secret wishes.

Haste then from th' Idalian grove,
 Infant smiles, and sports, and graces ;
 Spread the downy couch for love,
 And lull us in your sweet embraces.

Softest raptures, pure from noise,
 This fair happy night surround us ;
 While a thousand sprightly joys
 Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unsowr'd with care or strife,
 Heaven still guard this dearest blessing !
 While we tread the path of life,
 Loving still, and still possessing.

SONG.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,
 Madnefs 'tis for us to think,
 How the world is rul'd by asses,
 And the wise are sway'd by chink.
 Fa, la, ra, &c.

'Then never let vain cares oppress us,
 Riches are to them a snare,
 We're ev'ry one as rich as Cræsus,
 While our bottle drowns our care.
 Fa, la, ra, &c.

Wine will make us as red as roses,
 And our sorrows quite forget :
 Come let us fuddle all our noses,
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.
 Fa, la, ra, &c.

When grim death is looking for us,
 We are toping at our bowls,
 Bacchus joining in the chorus :
 Death, be gone ! here's none but souls..
 Fa, la, ra, &c.

God-like Bacchus thus commanding,
 Trembling death away shall fly,
 Ever after understanding,
 Drinking souls can never die.
 Fa, la, ra, &c.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HEARKEN and I will tell you how
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
Tho' he could neither say nor do;

The truth I tell to you;
But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy, I'fe hae her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yad as he did ride,
With durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her dady's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, yoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your doughter's love to win,
I care na for making meikle din,
What answer gi'e ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gi'e ye my doughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, fin ye are lighted down,
Where do you win, or in what town!
I think my doughter winna gloom,
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he step'd up the house,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owfen in a plough,
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;
I scorn to tell a lie:

Besides, I had frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town;
I wat on him she did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waste,
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here;
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;
And for my sell you need na fear,
Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chow,
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu law,
She had na will to say him na,
But to her dady she left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.

The lover he ga'e her the tither kifs,
Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na say me na,
But to your sell she has left it a',
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;
Say what'll ye gi'e me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu of corn I'll gie to thee,
Three souns of sheep, twa good milk ky,
Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free;
Troth I dow do na mair.

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
 I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,
 With mony a blythesome lad and lass;
 But sicken a day there never was,
 Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,
 Mese John ty'd up the marriage bands,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
 And blinkit bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were fae clean,
 They glanced in our lads' een,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him,
 The minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee;
 And ay they bobit, and ay they bekt,
 And ay their wames together met,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

THE PROMIS'D JOY.

Tune,—*Carl an the King come.*

WHEN we meet again, Phely,
 When we meet again, Phely,
 Raptures will reward our pain,
 And loss result in gain, Phely;

Long the sport of fortune driv'n,
To dispair our thoughts were giv'n,
Our odds will all be ev'n, Phely,
When we meet again Phely, &c.

Now in dreary distant groves,
Tho' we moan like turtle-doves,
Suff'ring best our virtue proves,
And will enhance our loves, Phely, &c.
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy will come in a surprise,
Till its happy hour arise;
Temper well your love-sick sighs,
For hope becomes the wise, Phely.
When we meet again Phely,
When we meet again Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loss result in gain, Phely.

M.

TO DELIA, ON HER DRAWING HIM TO HER VALENTINE.

Tune,—*Black-Ey'd Susan*.

YE powers! was Damon then so blest,
To fall to charming Delia's share;
Delia, the beauteous maid, possesst
Of all that's soft, and all that's fair?
Here cease thy bounty, O indulgent heav'n,
I ask no more, for all my wish is giv'n.

I came, and Delia smiling show'd,
She smil'd, and show'd the happy name;
With rising joy my heart o'erflow'd,
I felt and blest the new born-flame.

May softest pleasures careless round her move,
May all her nights be joy, and days be love.

She drew the treasure from her breast,
That breast where love and graces play,
O name beyond expression blest?
That's lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
To be so lodg'd! the thought is extasy,
Who would not wish in paradise to ly? R.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

Tune,—*Auld lang syne.*

WHEN flow'ry meadows deck the year,
And sporting lambkins play,
When spangl'd fields renew'd appear,
And music wak'd the day;
Then did my Chloe leave her bow'r,
To hear my am'rous lay,
Warm'd by my love she vow'd no pow'r
Shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough
Surround our couch in throngs,
And all their tuneful art bestow,
To give us change of songs:
Scenes of delight my soul possess'd,
I blest'd, then hugg'd my maid;
I rob'd the kisses from her breast,
Sweet as a noon-day's shade.

Joy transporting never fails
To fly away as air,
Another swain with her prevails
To be as false as fair.
What can my fatal passion cure?
I'll never woo again;
All her disdain I must endure,
Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
 Thus sighing with his pain;
 But time and scorn may give him joy,
 To hear her sigh again.
 Ah! fickle Chloe, be advis'd,
 Do not thyself beguile,
 A faithful lover should be priz'd,
 Then cure him with a smile.

TO MRS. S. H. ON HER TAKING SOMETHING
 ILL I SAID.

Tune—*Hallow Ev'n.*

Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow :
 That beauteous heav'n ere-while serene ?
 Whence do these storms and tempests flow,
 Or what this gust of passion mean ?
 And must then mankind lose that light,
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
 And lie obscure in endless night,
 For each poor silly speech of mine ?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty can make large amends :
 Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus ev'ry heart t' ensnare,
 With all her charms has deckt thy face,
 And Pallas, with unusual care,
 Bids wisdom heighten ev'ry grace;
 Who can the double pain endure ?
 Or who must not resign the field

T'oe thee, celestial maid, secure
With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield ?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But smile and learn to copy heaven,
Since we must sin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itself appeas'd bestows,
As the reward of penitence.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

How blyth ilk morn was I to see
The swain come o'er the hill !
He skipt the burn, and flew to me :
I met him with good will.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows ;
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb
While his flock near me lay :
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed fae sweet,
The burds stood list'ning by :
Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play ;
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' ne'er fae rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
 O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
 He staw my heart: Cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
 O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit
 That held my wee soup whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now ly usefess by.
 O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewell a' pleasures there;
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.
 O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.

S. R.

TO CHLOE.

Tune—*I wish my Love were in a Mire.*

O Lovely maid! how dear's thy pow'r?
 At once I love, at once adore:
 With wonder are my thoughts possess'd,
 While softest love inspires my breast.
 This tender look, these eyes of mine,
 Confess their am'rous master thine;

These eyes with Strephon's passion play,
First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine,
Poor as it is, this heart of mine
Was never in another's pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by love before.
In thee I've treasured up my joy,
Thou canst give bliss, or bliss destroy :
And thus I've bound myself to love,
While bliss or misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms,
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms ;
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
But, like some discontented shade
That wanders where its body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
For ever exil'd from my fair.

I..

UPON HEARING HIS PICTURE WAS IN CHLOE'S BREAST

Tune—*The Fourteen of October.*

YE gods ! was Strephon's picture blest
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast !
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliss design'd ?
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade ?

And thou, blest shade, that sweetly art
Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.

Ungrateful thing ! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
 Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,
 That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee ! Were I lord
 Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alms to keep a god alive.
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
 On these cold looks, that lifeless are,
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
 With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
 To life can bring the silent shade :
 Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
 And real warmth and flames impart.
 But oh ! it ne'er can love like me,
 I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee :
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
 Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

SONG FOR A SERENADE.

Tune—*The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

TEACH me, Chloe, how to prove
 My boasted flame sincere :
 'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
 And hard to hide my care.

Sleep in vain displays her charms,
 To bribe my soul to rest,
 Vainly spreads her silken arms,
 And courts me to her breast.

Where can Strephon find repose,
 If Chloe is not there ?
 For ah ! no peace his bosom knows,
 When absent from the fair.
 What tho' Phœbus from on high
 With-holds his chearful ray,
 Thine eyes can well his light supply,
 And give me more than day.

L.

Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her say,
 Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,
 And that love is the cause of my mourning.
 False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
 You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms;
 Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,
 Oh Strephon ! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go
 Down to the shades below,
 E'er ye let Strephon know
 That I have lov'd him so :
 Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show
 That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by,
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh ;
 But finding her breathless, Oh heav'ns, did he cry,
 Ah Chloris ! the cause of my mourning.
 Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art,
 They sighing, reply'd, 'twas yourself shot the dart
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,
 And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then is Chloris dead,
 Wounded by me ! he said,
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid,
 Down to the silent shade.

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning. X.

TO MRS A. H. ON SEEING HER AT A CONCERT.

Tune—*The Bonniest Lads in a' the World.*

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles,
Hamilla! heavenly charmer;
See how with all their arts and wiles
The Loves and Graces arm her.
A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair seats of youthful pleasures.
There love in smiling language speaks,
There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r,
I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.
But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee.

2. C.

THE BONNY SCOT.

Tune—*The Boat-man.*

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
And please the canny boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot—man:
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,

Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate
 A large estate
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat—man,
 E'er I could for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny Scot—man.
 Wae worth the man
 Wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views
 Love's art to use,
 While strangers to its passion.
 Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing lassie,
 Who pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
 And in her bosom hawse thee.
 Love gies the word,
 Then haste on board,
 Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,
 Frae yonder shore,
 My blythe, my bonny Scot—man.

SCORNFU' NANCY.

To its own tune,

NANCY's to the green wood gane,
 To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,
 And Willie he has follow'd her,
 To gain her love by flatt'ring :
 But a' that he could say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him ;
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny or my aunty ?
With crowdy mowdy they fed me,
Lang kail and ranty tanty :
With bannocks of good barley meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped stocks fou butter'd well ;
And was na that right dainty ?

Although my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
A ha' house and a pantry :
A good blue bonnet on his head,
An owrlay 'bout his cragy ;
And ay until the day he dy'd
He rade on good shanks nagy.

Now wae and wander on your snout,
Wad ye hae bonny Nancy ?
Wad ye compare ye'rfell to me me,
A docken till a tansie ?
I have a wooer of my ain,
They ca' him souple Sandy,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is sweet like fugar-candy.

Wow Nancy what needs a' this din ?
Do I not ken this Sandy ?
I'm fure the chief of a' his kin
Was Rab the beggar randy :
His minny Meg upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy ;
Will ye compare a nasty pack
To me your winsome Willy ?

My gutcher left a good braid sword,
Tho' it be auld and rusty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word
It is baith stout and trusty ;

And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a clout,
I ken he disna fear ye?
Sae had ye'r tongue and fae nae mair,
Set somewhere else your fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never shall get Nancy.

Z

SLIGHTED NANCY.

Tune—*The Kirk wad let me be.*

'Tis I have seven braw new gowns,
And ither seven better to mak,
And yet for a' my new gowns
My wooer has turn'd his back.
Besides I have seven milk-ky,
And Sandy he has but three;
And yet for a' my good kye,
The laddie winna ha'e me.

My dadie's a delver of dykes,
My mither can card and spin,
And I am a fine fodgel lass,
And the filler comes linkan in;
The fillar comes linkan in,
And it is fou fair to see,
And fifty times wow! O wow!
What ails the lads at me?

When ever our Baty does bark,
 Then fast to the door I rin,
 To see gin ony young spark
 Will light and venture but in :
 But never a ane will come in,
 Though mony a ane gaes by,
 Syne far ben the house I rin ;
 And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,
 I pray'd but anes i' the year,
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
 And a lad with muckle gear.
 When I was at my neist pray'rs,
 I pray'd but now and than,
 I fash'd na my head about gear,
 If I got a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last pray'rs,
 I pray on baith night and day,
 And O ! if a beggar wad come,
 With that same beggar I'd gae.
 And O ! and what'll come o' me !
 And O ! and what'll I do ?
 That sic a braw lassie as I
 Should die for a wooer I trow.

LUCKY NANCY.

Tune—*Dainty Davie.*

WHILE fops in fast Italian verse,
 Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
 While sangs abound and sense is scarce,
 These lines I have indited :
 But neither darts nor arrows here,
 Venus nor Cupid shall appear,
 And yet with these fine sounds I swear
 The maidens are delited.

I was ay telling you,
 Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy,
 Auld springs wad ding the new,
 But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
 To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
 And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
 Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
 I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
 My height of extasy to prove,
 Nor sighing—thus—present my love
 With roses eke and lilies.

I was aye telling you, &c.

But stay,—I had amaisht forgot
 My mistress and my sang to boot,
 And that's an unko' faut I wat;
 But Nancy 'tis nae matter.
 Ye see I clink my verse wi' ryme,
 And ken ye, that atones the crime;
 Forby, how sweet my numbers chyme,
 And slide away like water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonfy fair,
 Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
 Thy half shut een and hodling air,
 Are a' my passion's fewel.
 Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
 Or love or grace, or heaven in thee;
 Yet thou hast charms anew for me,
 Then smile, and be na cruel.

Leeze me on thy snawy pow,
 Lucky Nancy, lucky Nancy,
 Driest wood will eitheist low,
 And Nancy fae will ye now.

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
 Which ne'er anither bard wad do;

Hear then my charitable vow,
 Dear venerable Nancy.
 But if the world my passion wrang,
 And say ye only live in sang,
 Ken I despise a sland'ring tongue,
 And sing to please my fancy.
 Leeze me on thy, &c.

Q.

A SCOTS CANTATA.

The Tune after an Italian Manner.

COMPOSED BY SIGNIOR LORENZO BOCCHI.

RECITATIVE.

BLATE Johnny faintly told fair Jean his mind;
 Jeany took pleasure to deny him lang;
 He thought her scorn came frae her heart unkind,
 Which gart him in despair tune up this sang.

AIR.

O bonny lassie, since 'tis sae,
 That I'm despis'd by thee,
 I hate to live, but O I'm wae,
 And unko sweer to die.
 Dear Jeany, think what dowy hours
 I thole by your disdain;
 Ah! should a breast sae fast as yours
 Contain a heart of stane?

RECITATIVE.

These tender notes did a' her pity move,
 With melting heart she listen'd to the boy;
 O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him her love:
 He in return thus sang his rising joy.

Hence frae my breast, contentious care,
 Ye've tint the power to pine;
 My Jeany's good, my Jeany's fair,
 And a' her sweets are mine.
 O spread thine arms, and gi'e me fowth
 Of dear enchanting blifs,
 A thousand joys around thy mouth
 Gi'e heaven with ilka kifs.

 THE TOAST.

Tune,—*Saw ye my Peggy.*

Come let's ha'e mair wine in,
 Bacchus hates repining,
 Venus loves nae dwining,
 Let's be blyth and free,
 Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir;
 Ye're mistress, Robie, gi'es her,
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,
 That's a lass can charm ye,
 And to joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.
 Some angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never wish ane brawer,
 If ye bare-headed saw her
 Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,
 Come let's join our glasses,
 And refresh our hauses
 With a health to thee.
 Let coofs their cash be clinking,
 Be statesmen tint in thinking,
 While we with love and drinking,
 Give our cares the lie.

MAGIE'S TOCHER.

To its ain Tune.

THE meal was dear short syne,
We buckl'd us a' the gither;
Aud Magie was in her prime,
When Willie made courtship till her:
Twa pistals charg'd beguets,
To gie the courting shot;
And syne came ben the las
Wi' fwats drawn frae the butt.
He first speer'd at the guidman,
And syne at Giles the mither,
An ye wad gi's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye shall hae,
I'll gi'e you her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
Or I part wi' my land.
Your Tocher it fall be good,
There's nane fall hae its maik,
The las bound in her snood,
And Crummie who kens her stake:
With an auld beddin o' claihs,
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, guidman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modesty,
Gin ye'll not quat your land:
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gaw'n the gither,
A house is butt and benn,
And Crummie will want her fother.

The bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their mither !
 We have nouthar pat nor pan,
 But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
 For that ye need na fear,
 'Twa good stilts to the pleugh,
 And ye your sell maun steer :
 Ye shall hae twa good pocks
 That anes were o' the tweel,
 The tane to had the grots,
 The ither to had the meal :
 With ane auld kist made of wands,
 And that fall be your coffer,
 Wi' aiken woody bands,
 And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,
 We hae but borrow'd gear,
 The horse that I ride on
 Is Sandy Wilfon's mare :
 The saddle's nane of my ain,
 An' thae's but borrow'd boots,
 And whan that I gae hame,
 I maun take to my coots :
 The cloak is Geordy Wat's,
 That gars me look fae crouse ;
 Come fill us a cogue of fwats,
 We'll make na mair toom ruse.

I like you well, young lad,
 For telling me fae plain,
 I married when little I had,
 O' gear that was my ain ;
 But sin that things are fae,
 The bride she maun come furth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,
 It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on Giles the mither :
 Content am I quo' she,
 E'en gar the hissie come hither.
 The bride she gade till her bed,
 The bridegroom he came till her ;
 The fidler crap in at the fit,
 An' they cudl'd it a' the gither.

SONG.

Tune—*Blink over the Burn, sweet Betty.*

Leave kindred and friends, sweet Betty,
 Leave kindred and friends for me :
 Assur'd thy servant is steddý
 To love, to honour, and thee.
 The gifts of nature and fortune
 May fly by chance as they came ;
 They're grounds the destinies sport on,
 But virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my fancy were roving,
 Thy charms so heavenly appear,
 That other beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only, my dear.
 And shou'd life's sorrows embitter,
 The pleasure we promis'd our lover,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan asunder, like doves.

O! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my love in my arms !
 By thee to be grasp'd and kissed,
 And live on thy heaven of charms ?
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
 Shou'd fortune capricious prove ;
 Tho' death shou'd tear me to pieces,
 I'd die a martyr to love.

SONG.

Tune,—*The bonny grey-sy'd Morning.*

CELESTIAL muses, tune your lyres,
 Grace all my raptures with your lays,
 Charming, enchanting Kate inspires,
 In lofty sounds her beauties praise :
 How undefigning she displays
 Such scenes as ravish with delight ;
 Tho' brighter than meridian rays,
 They dazzle not, but please the sight.

Blind god, give this, this only dart,
 I neither will nor can her harm,
 I would but gently touch her heart,
 And try for once if that could charm.
 Go, Venus, use your fav'rite wile,
 As she isauteous, make her kind,
 Let all your graces round her smile
 And sooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
 And all my anxious cares remov'd,
 In moving notes I'll tell the maid,
 With what pure lasting flames I lov'd.
 Then shall alternate life and death,
 My ravish'd flutt'ring soul possess,
 The softest tend'rest things I'll breathe,
 Betwixt each am'rous fond carefs.

Q.

SONG.

Tune,—*The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

SUBJECTED to the pow'r of love,
 By Nell's resistless charms,
 The fancy fixt no more can rove,
 Or fly soft love's alarms.

Gay Damon had the skill to shun
 All traps by Cupid laid,
 Until his freedom was undone
 By Nell the conquering maid.

But who can stand the force of love,
 When she resolves to kill?
 Her sparkling eyes love's arrows prove,
 And wound us with our will.

O happy Damon, happy fair,
 What Cupid has begun,
 May faithful Hymen take a care
 To see it fairly done.

SONG.

Tune,—*Logan Water.*

Vitas binnuleo me similis, Gbloe.

TELL me, Hamilla, tell me why
 Tho dost from him that loves thee run?
 Why from his soft embraces fly,
 And all his kind endearments shun?

So flies the fawn, with fear oppress'd,
 Seeking its mother ev'ry where,
 It starts at ev'ry empty blast,
 And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,
 To gaze the glories of thy face,
 Not with a hateful step pursue,
 As age to rife every grace.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy,
 But haste all rivals to outshine,
 And grown mature and ripe for joy,
 Leave mamma's arms, and come to mine.

W.

A SOUTH-SEA SANG.

Tune,—*For our lang biding here.*

WHEN we came to London town,
 We dream'd of gowd in gowpens here,
 And rantinly ran up and down,
 In risin' stocks to buy a skair:
 We dastly thought to row in rowth,
 But for our daffin paid right dear;
 The lave will fare the war in trouth,
 For our lang biding here.

But when we find our purses toom,
 And dainty stocks began to fa',
 We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom
 Girn'd at stock-jobbing ane and a'.
 If ye gang near the South-Sea house,
 The whilly-wha's will grip your gear,
 Syne a' the lave will fare the war,
 For our lang biding here.

 HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O BELL, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
 I pass the day in pain;
 When night returns I feel the smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.
 I'm starving in cold, while thou art warm:
 Have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charm-
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
 Still wanders o'er thy charms,
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
 Present thee to my arms.

But waking think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those pleasures which can only cure
 This panting breast of mine.

I faint I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just reward that's due to love,
 And let true passion die.
 Oh! turn and let compassion seize
 That lovely breast of thine;
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
 That beauteous form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its laws to slight,
 By hind'ring the design.
 May all the pow'rs of love agree,
 At length to make thee mine,
 Or loose my chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

LOVE INVITING REASON.

Tune,—*Chami ma chattle, ne duce skar mi.*

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
 E'er Annie became a fine lady in town,
 How lovely and loving, and bonny was she?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a jee—
 O as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
 And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen?
Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee?

Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears from these een
That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?

Rouse up to thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;

O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think on thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah! should a new manto or Flanders lace head,
Or yet a wee cottie, though never sae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
That anes had some hopes of purchasing thine?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
And dinna prefer your fleegaries to me;

O! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,
And tent a true lover wha doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangle Sany,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair Annie,
And aim at these benisons promis'd to me?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
And never prefer a light dancer to me;

O! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny,
Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,
That slide away fastly between thee and me,
E'er squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power
To rival my love and impose upon thee.

Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;

O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha's langing to centre in thee.

THE BOB OF DUMBLANE.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
 And I'll lend you my thripling kame ;
 For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
 If ye'll go dance the Bob of Dumblane.
 Hasten ye, gang to the ground of your trunkies,
 Busk ye braw and dinna think shame ;
 Consider in time, if leading of monkies
 Be better than dancing the Bob of Dumblane.
 Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
 And take my word and offer again,
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle
 Ye didna accept of the Bob of Dumblane.
 The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,
 And I'm grown dowy wi' lying my lane,
 Away then, leave baith minny and daddy,
 And try with me the Bob of Dumblane.

 SONG—COMPLAINING OF ABSENCE.

Tune,—*My Apron Deary.*

AH, Chloe ! thou treasure, thou joy of my breast,
 Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest,
 I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn,
 There sigh for my charmer, and long to return,
 The fields all around me are smiling and gay,
 But they smile all in vain—my Chloe's away :
 The field and the grove can afford me no ease,—
 But bring me my Chloe, a desert will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms,
 I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms,
 In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye ;
 These are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry.

These looks where bright love, like the sun, sits enthron'd,

And smiling diffuses his influence round,

'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd,

Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd :

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight,

It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night ;

But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,

In secret I languish, a prey to despair ;

But absence and torment abate not my flame,

My Chloe's still charming, my passion the same ;

O ! would she preserve me a place in her breast,

Then absence would please me, for I would be blest.

R.

SONG.

Tune—*I fix'd my Fancy on her.*

Bright Cynthia's power divinely great,

What heart is not obeying ?

A thousand Cupid's on her wait,

And in her eyes are playing.

She seems the queen of love to reign ;

For she alone dispenses

Such sweets as best can entertain

The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,

Her breath gives balmy blisses ;

I hear an angel when she sings,

And taste of heaven in kisses.

Four senses thus she feasts with joy,

From nature's richest treasure :

Let me the other sense employ,

And I shall die with pleasure.

X.

SONG.

Tune,—*I loo'd a bonny Lady.*

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
 Will you never ease my pain ?
 Must I die for ev'ry feature ?
 Must I always love in vain ?
 The desire of admiration
 Is the pleasure you pursue ;
 Pray thee, try a lasting passion,
 Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you ;
 For a lover ought to dare :
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,
 Then you said I went too far.
 Are such giddy ways befitting ?
 Will my dear be fickle still ?
 Conquest is the joy of women,
 Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,
 And my desp'rate thoughts increase ;
 Pray, consider, if you kill me,
 You will have a lover less.

If your wand'ring heart is beating
 For new lovers, let it be :
 But when you have done coquetting,
 Name a day, and fix on me.

 THE REPLY.

In vain, fond youth ; thy tears give o'er,
 What more, alas ! can Flavia do ?
 Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore :
 All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those sighs, and weep no more ;
 Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
 'Twere all in vain, since any power,
 To crown thy love, must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease thy pain,
 I'll sooth the ills I cannot cure,
 Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,
 And all that I inflict endure.

X.

THE ROSE IN YARROW.

Tune,—*Mary Scott.*

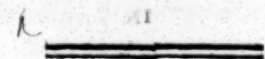
'Twas summer, and the day was fair,
 Rosolv'd a while to fly from care,
 Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
 I wander'd o'er the braes of Yarrow ;
 'Till then despising beauty's power,
 I kept my heart my own secure ;
 But Cupid's art did there deceive me,
 And Mary's charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive ?
 No ransom take for Mary's slave ?
 Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me ;
 Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
 No bondage may with mine compare,
 Since first I saw this charming fair :
 This beauteous flower, this rose of Yarrow,
 In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one request,
 I'd ask to ly in Mary's breast ;
 There would I live or die with pleasure,
 Nor spare this world one moment's leisure ;
 Despising kings and all that's great,
 I'd smile at courts and courtiers fate ;

My joy complete on such a marrow,
I'd dwell with her and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such blifs I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I'll wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her ;
For leaving life I'll always love her.
What doubts distract a lover's mind ?
That breast, all softness, must prove kind ;
And she shall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow.



THE FAIR PENITENT.

A SONG,—*To its ain Tune.*

A lovely lass to a friar came
To confess in a morning early,
“ In what, my dear, art thou to blame ?
“ Come own it all sincerely.”
I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a lad that loves me dearly.
The greatest fault in myself I know,
Is what I now discover.
“ Then you to Rome for that must go,
“ Their discipline to suffer.”
Lake-a-day Sir ! if it must be so,
Pray with me send my lover.
“ No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
“ We'll have no double dealing ;
“ But if with me you'll repeat the same
“ I'll pardon your past failing.”
I must own, Sir, tho' I blush for shame,
That your penance is prevailing.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me,
Ye Powers! what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chaste sporting;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me:
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter:
Since she excels in every grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor
She shall a lover find me :
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me ;
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom,
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

THE lass of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blythe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To press them with his hand.
Thro' all my spirits ran
An extasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountain's fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Patie's mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

 GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
 Of my dear Delia take a care,
 And represent her lover
 With all the gait of youth,
 With honour, justice, love, and truth;
 Till I return, her passions sooth,
 For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base fordid slave,
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her.
 Tell her for me she was design'd,
 For me, who know how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind,
 Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition.
 Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance ly,
 Whose hop'd for pleasure, when come nigh,
 Prove nothing in fruition.

But cast into a mold divine,
Fair Delia does with lustre shine,
Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
Which yields a constant treasure.
Let poets in sublimest lays,
Employ their skill her fame to raise ;
Let sons of music pass whole days,
With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie would often times go
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees
grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn :
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That Sylvans and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air ;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth :
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mama's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour :
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

NANNY—O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health,
 'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
 I'll save myself, and without stealth,
 Kifs and caress my Nanny—O.
 She bids more fair t' engage a Jove,
 Than Leda did or Danae—O.
 Were I to paint the queen of love,
 None else should sit but Nanny—O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely—O.
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely—O.
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me Nanny—O.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,
 My lovely charming Nanny—O;
 I care not though the world know
 How dearly I love Nanny—O.

BONNY JEAN.

LOVE's Goddess in a myrtle grove,
 Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed;
 Nor let the shaft at random rove,
 For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed.
 The smiling boy, with divine art,
 From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
 Refuses Willy's kind address ;
 Her yielding blushes shew no care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.
 No more the youth is sullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the green,
 While every day he spies some new
 Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind,
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind :
 Riches he looks on with disdain,
 The glorious fields of war look mean ;
 The chearful hound and horn give pain,
 If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
 Which even in summer shorten'd seems ;
 When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than Troy's prize, the Spartan queen,
 With breaking day, he lifts his sight,
 And pants to be with bonny Jean.

THROW THE WOOD LADDIE.

O SANDY, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn ?
 Thy presence cou'd ease me,
 When naething can please me :
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
 Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are singing,
And primroses springing ;
Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell :
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith evening and morning ;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander my fell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor till that happy day, [play.
When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye :
Blyth Davy's blinks her heart did move,
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride ;
Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
Her een were bonny blue ;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said !
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd ;
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down ;
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And naething sure unmeet ;
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a wawk sae sweet ;
 And that they aften shou'd return
 Sic pleasure to renew—
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

C.

 SONG.
Tune—*Gilder Roy*:

AH ! Chloris, cou'd I now but sit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your infant beauty cou'd beget
 No happiness nor pain.
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire
 Wou'd take my rest away.
 Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine ;
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine :
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest ;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart :
Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art :—
To make a beauty, she.

SONG.

Tune—*The yellow hair'd Laddie.*

Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your sports and attend to my strain;
Amongst all your number a lover so true,
Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard hearted as mine ?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine ;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies :
She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs ;
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair !

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears :
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ;
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair :
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so !
And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
 Nor think she cou'd love, whom she cannot admire;
 Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
 Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

SONG.

Tune—*When she came ben she bobbed.*

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
 Let's have no more female impert'nance and noise;
 For I've try'd the endearments and pleasures of love,
 And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies by Jove.

When first of all Betty and I were acquaint,
 I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a saint:
 But I found her religion, her face, and her love,
 Were hypocrisy, paint, and self int'rest, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next with her languishing air,
 Her outside was orderly, modest and fair;
 But her soul was sophisticate, so was her love,
 For I found she was only a strumpet, by Jove.

Little double gilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at last:
 (You know marriage and money together does best:)
 But the baggage forgetting her vows and her love,
 Gave her gold to a sniv'ling dull coxcomb, by Jove.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys;
 Her's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise:
 I know few of my sex that are worthy my love;
 And for strumpets and jilts, I abhor them, by Jove.

L.

DUMBARTON DRUMS.

DUMBARTON'S drums beat bonny—O,
 When they mind me of my dear Johnny—O,
 How happy am I,
 When my foldier is by,
 While he kisses and blisses his Anny—O!
 'Tis a foldier alone can delight me—O,
 For his graceful looks do invite me—O:
 While guarded in his arms
 I'll fear no wars alarms,
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me—O
 My love is a handsome laddie—O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy—O:
 Tho' commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year;
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie—O.
 A foldier has honour and bravery—O,
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O:
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or the king,
 For ev'ry other care is but slav'ry—O.
 Then I'll be a captain's lady—O;
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy—O;
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And whene'er that beats I'll be ready—O.
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny—O,
 They are sprightly like my dear Johnny—O:
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my foldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blisses his Anny—O.

 AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Though they return with scars?

These are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars :
Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough
A thousand Cupids play ;
Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you
Each object makes me gay :
Since your return the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state ;
Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem such flav'ry great
While bounded like a ball :
But sunk in love upon my arms
Let your brave head recline,
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms
As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
You may pursue the chace,
And, after a blythe bottle, end
All cares in my embrace :
And in a vacant rainy day
You shall be wholly mine ;
We'll make the hours run smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

The hero pleas'd with the sweet air,
And signs of gen'rous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above :
Next day, with consent and glad haste,
Th' approach'd the sacred shrine ;
Where the good priest the couple blest,
And put them out of pine.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

PAIN'D with her flighting Jamie's love,
 Bell dropt a Tear—Bell dropt a tear,
 The Gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear.
 They heard the praises of the youth
 From her own tongue—from her own tongue,
 Who now converted was to truth,
 And thus she sung—and thus she sung :

Blest days when our ingenious sex,
 More frank and kind—more frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
 But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Wou'd he return—wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again would give him care,
 Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain,
 Yet still thought shame—yet still thought shame,
 When he my yielding heart did gain,
 To own my flame—to own my flame ?
 Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy—and seem too coy !
 Which makes me now, alas ! lament
 My slighted joy—my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
 Own your desire—own your desire,
 While love's young pow'r with his soft wing
 Fans up the fire—fans up the fire,
 O do not with a silly pride,
 Or low design—or low design,
 Refuse to be a happy bride,
 But answer plain—but answer plain.

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But answer plain—but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes ;
Glad Jamie heard her all the time
With glad surprise—with glad surprise.
Some God had led him to the grove ;
His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd.

PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

As from a rock past all relief,
The shipwreck'd Colin spying
His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
Half sunk in waves, and dying :
With the next morning sun he spies
A ship, which gave unhop'd surprise ;
New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was, and deserted,
Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted :
Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face ;
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying ;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We lose ourselves in staying :
I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose :
Why should we the happy minutes lose,
Since, Peggy, I must love thee.

Men may be foolish if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty,
 To figh, and sacrifice their ease,
 Doating on a proud beauty :
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear,
 False Betty's charms now disappear,
 Since Peggy's far outshine them.

BESSY, BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They are twa bonny lasses,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' rasches.
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter ;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck, sae is her hand,
 Her waste and feet's fu' genty ;
 With ilka grace she can command ;
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay sae clean redd up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lassies :
 Wae's me for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

JOHNNY.

'Tho' for seven years and mair honour thou'd
 reave me,
 To fields where cannons roar, thou need na grieve thee :
 For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented,
 And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

O Johnny, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding ye'll turn a loose rover ;
 And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart fairer,
 If you prove inconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh, it wad grieve me !
 A' the lang night and day if you deceive me.

JOHNNY.

My Nelly, let never sic fancies oppress ye,
 For while my blood's warm I'll kindly caress ye :
 Your blooming fast beauties first beeted love's fire,
 Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, Johnny, I frankly this minute allow ye
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye ;

And gin you prove fause, to your sell be it said then,
 Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrong a kind maiden.
 Reave me, reave me, heavens! it wad reave me
 Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNNY.

Bid iceshogles hammer red gauds on the studdy,
 And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy,
 Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time believe I'll betray ye.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 The starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

MY DEARIE, IF YOU DIE.

Love never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggy, if thou die.
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me:
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray?
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.
 I ne'r can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all women-kind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new blawn beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage,
 But thine which can such sweets impart
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this that like the morning sun
 Gave joy and life to me;

And when its destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share ;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair.

Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me ;
Oh ! never rob them from those arms :
I'm lost if Peggy die.

C.

MY JO JANET.

SWEET Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the Bafs then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking glafs then.
Keek into the draw well,
Janet, Janet ;
And there ye'll see your bonny fell,
My Jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw well clear,
What if I shou'd fa' in,
Syne a my kin will say and swear
I drown'd my fell for fin.
Had the better be the brae,
Janet, Janet ;
Had the better be the brae,
My Jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
Coming through Aberdeen then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of shoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet ;
Ae pair may gain you ha'f a year,
My Jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a mawking,
 If they should see my clouted shoon,
 Of me they will be tauking.
 Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
 Janet, Janet;
 Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
 My Jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the cross then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing horse then.
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 Janet, Janet;
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 My Jo Janet.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The rock o't winna stand, Sir,
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
 Employs aft my hand, Sir.
 Make the best o't that ye can,
 Janet, Janet;
 But like it never wale a man,
 My Jo Janet.

 SONG.

Tune—*John Anderson my Jo.*

WHAT means this niceness now of late,
 Since time that truth doth prove;
 Such distance may consist with state,
 But never will with love.
 'Tis either cunning or disdain
 That does such ways allow;
 The first is base, the last is vain:
 May neither happen you,

For if it be to draw me on,
 You over-act your part;
 And if it be to have me gone,
 You need not ha'f that art:
 For if you chance a look to cast,
 That seems to be a frown,
 I'll give you all the love that's past,
 The rest shall be my own.

•
 AULD ROB MORRIS.

MITHER.

AULD Rob Morris that wins in yon glen, [men,
 He's the king of good fellows, and the wale of auld
 Has fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too;
 Auld Rob Morris is the man you maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Ha'd your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
 For his eild and my eild can never agree:
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen;
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Ha'd your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,
 For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride:
 He shall ly by your side, and kifs you too;
 Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris I ken him fou weel,
 His back it sticks out like ony peet-creel,
 He's out-shin'd, in-knee'd, and ringle-ey'd too;
 Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
 Yet his auld brags it will buy you a new pan;
 Then, doughter, you shouldna be so ill to shoo,
 For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But Auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
 His back is fae stiff, and his beard is grown gray :
 I had titter die than live wi' him a year ;
 Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear. Q.

SONG.

Tune—Come kifs with me, come clap with me, &c.

PEGGY.

My Jocky blyth, for what thou'ft done,
 There is nae help nor mending ;
 For thou hast jogg'd me out of tune,
 For a' thy fair pretending.
 My mither sees a change on me,
 For my complexion dashes,
 And this, alas ! has been with thee
 Sae late amang the rashes.

JOCKY.

My Peggy, what I've said I'll do,
 To free thee frae their scouling ;
 Come then and let us buckle to,
 Nae langer let's be fooling.
 For her content I'll instant wed,
 Since thy complexion dashes ;
 And then we'll try a feather-bed,
 'Tis faster than the rashes.

PEGGY.

Then, Jocky, since thy love's so true,
 Let mither scoul, I'm easy :
 Sae langs I live I ne'er shall rue
 For what I've done to please thee.
 And there's my hand I's ne'er complain :
 Oh ! well's me on the rashes ;
 Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
 And a fig for a' their clashes. X.

SONG.

Tune—*Rothel's Lament ; or, Pinkey-house.*

As Sylvia in a forest lay,
To vent her woe alone ;
Her swain Sylvander came that way,
And heard her dying moan.
Ah ! is my love (said she) to you
So worthless and so vain :
Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain ?
You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn
E'er you'd exchange your love ;
In shades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this, I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you swore ?
But ah ! it seems they most deceive
Who most our charms adore.
'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind :
Alas ! I see it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die :
But oh ! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous, constant I
Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.
This said—all breathless, sick and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.
Sylvander then began to melt :
But e'er the word was given,
The heavy hand of death she felt,
And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

M.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the street my jo?
 My mistress in her tartan screen,
 Fow bonny, braw and sweet my jo.
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
 That never wisht a lover ill,
 Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
 Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome town a while:
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gaw'n to smile:
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
 The bleeting lambs, and whistling hynd,
 In ilka dale, green, shaw and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Bends his morning draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flow'rs to bask your brow:
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog:
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, saft and flow'ry den,
 Which circling birks have form'd a bower:
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauler shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

KATY'S ANSWER.

My mither's ay glowran owre me,
 Though she did the same before me;
 I canna get leave
 To look to my loove,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take your offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher,
 Then Sandy, ye'll fret,
 And wyte your poor Kate,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty,
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweer,
 To twin wi' his gear;
 And fae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion;
 Brag well o' your land,
 And there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

 MARY SCOT.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of heaven, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of Fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no ! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the Gods above must share ;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile ;
 Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all my anguish,
 She is to good to let me languish :
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky ;
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.

O'ER BOGIE.

I WILL awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Though a my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
 If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae ;
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
 I will awa', &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For filler or for land.
 Let rakes delight to swear and drink,
 And beaus admire fine lace,
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonny face.
 I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, treats and air ;
 The saul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare :
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms ;
 How blest I'll be, when she's my wife,
 And lock't up in my arms ;
 I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I'll cry, your humble servant, king,
 Shame fa' them that wad change.
 A kifs of Betty and a smile,
 * Abeit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
 And offer me your crown,
 I will awa', &c.

O'ER THE MOOR TO MAGGY.

AND I'll o'er the moor to Maggy,
 Her wit and sweetnesss call me,
 Then to my fair I'll shew my mind,
 Whatever may befall me.
 If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing :
 Or likes the Nine to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,
 And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheath my limbs in armour ;
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her :
 If she love grandeur, day and night,
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's fight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding ;
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny Maggy's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn
 Which in my bosom blazes.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

At Polwart on the Green
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do convene
 To dance about the thorn,
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say Na
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the snaw,
 While inwardly they bleeze ;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee ;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
 Amang the new-mawn hay,
 With sangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome day.
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
 My fell thus away, and darna discover
 To my bonny Hay that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger;
 If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer:
 'Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
 May be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as Aurora,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good mor-
 The sward of the mead enamell'd with daisies, (row,
 Looks wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
 The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter:
 'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a-flowing,
 Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
 Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:
 I'm all on a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye,
 For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.

 KATHARINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
 From flow'rs that grew so rarely:
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 She shin'd though it was fogie;
 I ask'd her name: Sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately ;
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country maid so neatly :
Such natural sweetness she display'd,
Like a lilly in a bogie ;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee ;
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Far excels any clownish rogie ;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain !
To feed my flock beside thee,
At boughing time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee :
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he who hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dang'rous stations ;
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations :
Might I carefs and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
For these are toys and still look less,
Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.

Clouds of despair furround my love,
That are both dark and fogie :
Pity my case, ye powers above,
Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING.

Of race divine thou needst must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee ;
For heaven's sake, oh ! favour me
Who only lives to love thee.
An thou wert my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee ;
An thou wert my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee !

The Gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save ;
O ! for their sake support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee.
An thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your sake,
What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.
An thou wert, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
Till fates my thread of life have spun,
Which breathing out I'll love thee.
An thou wert, &c.

* * * * *

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the Gods envy me.
An thou wert, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in fast whispers through the night
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
An thou wert, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean,
She moves a Goddess o'er the green;
Were I a king, thou should be queen,
Nane but mysel aboon thee.
An thou wert, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs shou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
An thou wert, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
In shining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of nae delay,
O let nae scorn undo thee.
An thou wert, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
Hae, there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And, with ilk smile, thou shalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
An thou wert, &c.

THERE'S MY THUMB I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

My sweetest May, let love incline thee,
T' accept of a heart which he designs thee;
And, as your constant slave, regard it,
Synne for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a kiss and a smile,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting these sweet lips of thine are,
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That when in pools I see thee clean 'em;
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain,
Tho' kith and kin and a' should revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks lest they should wander,
Gin thou'lt gae along, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e thee my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,
To had thy wooer ay niff naffin.
'That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
O fay, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

FOR THE LOVE OF JEAN,

Jocky said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my tocher good,
For my tocher good, I winna marry thee,
E'en's ye like, quo' Johny, ye may let it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
 I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn, and a byre,
 A stack afore the door, I'll make a rantin fire,
 I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be,
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be. Z.

SONG.

Tune,—Peggy, I must love thee.

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade
 Young Colin lay complaining;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid
 Without hopes of obtaining:
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
 Tho' pity cannot move thee;
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
 That thus you cruelly use him?
 If love's a fault 'tis that alone
 For which you should excuse him!
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd the flame,
 This fire by which I languish;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where every maid invites me ;
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
 For thee that only flights me :
 This love that fires my faithful heart
 By all but thee's commended.
 Oh ! wouldst thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be mended.
 That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over,
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas ! though it should ne'er relent,
 Nor Colin's care ne'er move thee,
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
 My Peggy, I must love thee.

GENTY TIBBY, AND SONSY NELLY.

Tune,—*Tibby Fowler in the Glen.*

TIBBY has a store o' charms,
 Her genty shape our fancy warms ;
 How strangely can her sma' white arms
 Fetter the lad who looks but at her ?
 Fra'er ancle to her slender waist,
 These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her ;
 Her rosy cheek, and rising breast,
 Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' water.
 Nelly's gawfy, fast, and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in May ;
 Ilk ane that sees her, cries, Ah hey
 She's bonny ! O I wonder at her !
 The dimples of her chin and cheek,
 And limbs sae plump invite to dawt her ;
 Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,
 Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
My wyson with the maiden shore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,

When these twa stars appear the gither.
O love! why dost thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large, while we're oblig'd to nither
Our spacious fauls immense desires,
And ay be in a hankirin swither?

Tiby's shape and airs are fine,
And Nelly's beauties are divine:
But since they canna baith be mine,
Ye Gods, give ear to my petition;
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this provifion,
I get the other to my lane,
In prospect *plano* and fruition.

UP IN THE AIR.

Now the fun's gane out o' fight,
Beet the ingle, and snuff the light:
In glens the fairies skip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to France,
Up in the air,
On my bonny gray mare,
And I see her yet, and I see her yet.
Up in, &c.

The winds drifting hail and sna',
O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
Nae starns keek through the azure slit,
'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.

The man i' the moon
Is carousing aboon;
D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet?
The man, &c.

Take your glafs to clear your een,
 'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
 And gently puffs the lover's fire.

Up in the air,
 It drive's away care ;
 Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.
 Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost ;
 Come, Willie, gi's about your toft ;
 Til't, lads, and lilt it out,
 And let us ha'e a blythsome bout.
 Up wi't there, there,
 Dinna cheat, but drink fair :
 Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads yet.
 Up wi't, &c.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

Gin ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gi'e her a kifs, and let her gae ;
 But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time :
 Then lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook :
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
 Where lies the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face,
 Nineteen na-fays are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss :
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future blifs.

These bennifons, I'm very sure
 Are of the God's indulgent grant :
 Then, furly carls, whisht, forbear
 To plague us with your whining cant.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

PATIE.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
 And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
 I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
 You're made for love, and why should ye deny ?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done :
 The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
 Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sow'r.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye :
 Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,
 And I haye thol'd and woo'd a lang half year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me ; gently thus I fa'
 Into my Patie's arms for good and a' :
 But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
 And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armfu' : hence, ye cares away,
 I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day :
 A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
 'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
 Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise ;
 O lash your steeds, post time away,
 And haste about our bridal day :
 And if ye're wearied, honest light,
 Sleep gin ye like a week that night.

 THE MILL, MILL—O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid
 Was sleeping sound and still—O ;
 A' lowan w' love my fancy did rove
 Around her with good will—O :
 Her bosom I prest ; but sunk in her rest,
 She stir'dna my joy to spil—o :
 While kindly she slept, clost to her I crept,
 And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill—O.
 Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
 T' employ my courage and skill—O,
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
 For the wind blew fair on the bill—O.
 Twayearsbroughtme hame, where loud-fraising fame
 Tald me with a voice right shrill—O,
 My las, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill—O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my fon in her arms,
 I ferlying speer'd how she fell—O;
 Wj' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—O.
 Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
 And bade her a' fears expell—O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her deed myfell—O.
 My bonny sweet las on the gowany grafs,
 Beneath the Shilling-hill—O,
 If I did offence, I'll make ye amends
 Before I leave Peggy's mill—O.
 O the mill, mill—O, and the kill, kill—O,
 And the coggin of the wheel—O:
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
 And round with a sodger reel—O.

COLIN AND GRISY PARTING.

Tune—*Woe's my heart that we should funder.*

WITH broken words, and down-cast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender:
 And, parting with his Grisy cries,
 Ah! woe's my heart that we should funder.
 To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go:
 It breaks my heart that we should funder.
 Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,
 Nor time nor place shall ever change
 My vows, though we're oblig'd to funder.

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder,
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, though we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me though we funder.

Ye Gods, take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her:
 When that blest time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never funder.

THE GABERLUNZY MAN.

THE pawky auld carl came o'er the lee,
 Wi' many good e'ens and good days to me;
 Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesy,
 Will you lodge a silly poor man?
 The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat;
 My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blyth and merry would I be?
 And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir flee twa together were say'ng,
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an' ye were as black
 As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa' wi' me thou shou'dst gang.

And O! quo' she, an I were as white
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,
 I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
 And awa' with thee I wad gang.

Between the twa they made a plot,
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And wilily they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure pat on her claife;
 Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
 To speer for the filly poor man.

She gade to the bed where the beggar lay,
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt baith her hands, cry'd Waladay,
 For some of our gear will be gane.
 Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
 But nought was stown that could be mist,
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gade where the daughter lay,
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife did say,
 She's aff with the Gaberlunzy-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traitors again;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' Gaberlunzy-man.
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit:
 She could na gang, nor yet could she fit,
 But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang :
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
 Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome Gaberlunzy-man.

O kenn'd my minny I were wi' you,
 Ill fardly wad she crook her mou',
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the Gaberlunzy-man.
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' nae learn'd the beggars tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the Gaberlunzy on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'd win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the Gaberlunzy on.
 I'll bow my leg and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

L.

THE CORDIAL.

Tune—Where shall our Goodman lie.

HE.

WHERE wad bonny Anny lie?
 Alane nae mair ye maun lie;
 Wad ye a goodman try?
 Is that the thing ye're lacking?

SHE.

Can a lafs fae young as I,
Venture on the bridal tie,
Syne down with a goodman ly?
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

HE.

Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
And sleep till ye be weary.

SHE.

What if I shou'd wauking ly,
When the hoboy's are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and iry?

HE.

In my bosom thou shalt ly,
When thou waukrife art, or dry,
Healthy cordial standing by,
Shall presently revive thee.

SHE.

To your will I then comply,
Join us, priest, and let me try,
How I'll wi' a goodman ly,
Wha can a cordial give me.

WE BUGHTS MARION.

Will ye go to the ewe bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me;
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae half fae sweet as thee.
O Marion's a bonny lafs,
And the blyth blinks in her eye;
And fain wad I marry my Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And filk on your white haufs-bane ;
Fu' fain wad I kifs my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame,
There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape and glowr with their eye,
At kirk, when they see my Marion ;
But nane of them lo's like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion ;
A cow, and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day ;
And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion ;
Nane dances like me on the green ;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean ;
Sae put on your parlins, Marion,
And kirtle of the cramasie ;
And as soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west and see ye.

Q.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

Fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lirting there ;
For Jocky's to be married to Maggy,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.
And there will lang-kail and pottage,
And bannocks of barley-meal ;
And there will be good sawt herring,
To relish a cog of good ale.
Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Saney the sutor,
And Will wi' the meikle mou' ;
And there will be Tam the blutter,
With Andrew the tinkler, I trow ;
And there will bow'd legged Robbie,
With thumblefs Katy's goodman ;
And there will blue cheeked Dowbie,
And Lawrie the laird of the land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
That wins in the how of the hill ;
And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
Wha in with black Bessy did mool,
With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,
The las that stands aft on the stool.
Fy, let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckl'd to Steenie,
And coft him grey breeks to his a—e,
Who after was hangit for stealing,
Great mercy it happen'd na warse :
And there will be gleed Georgy Janners,
And Kirsh with the lilly white leg,
Wha gade to the south for manners,
And bang'd up her wame in Mons-Meg.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' flae-lugged sharney-fac'd Lawrie,
And shangy-mou'd haluket Meg.
And there will be happer-a—'d Nanfy,
And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
Muck Madie, and fat hippit Grisy,
The las wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Girn-again Gibbie,
With his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was skipper himsel.
The lads and lasses in pearlins,
Will feast in the heart of the ha',
On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
That are baith fodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
With fowth of good gabbocks of skate,
Powfowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
And caller nowt-feet in a plate.
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whytens and speldings enew,
With singed sheep-heads, and a haggies,
And scadlips to sup till ye spew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbocks,
And sowens, and farls, and baps,
With swats, and well scraped paunches,
And brandy in stoups and in caps :
And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
With skink to sup till ye rive,
And roasts to roast on a brander,
Of flocks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrap haddocks, wilks, dulce and tangle,
And a mill of good snishing to prie ;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there,
For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,
The las wi' the gowden hair.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy !
 How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie ?
 O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
 My handsome, charming highland laddie ;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward
 Our lawland lads and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to choose
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in borrow's-town,
 In a' his airs, which art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown ;
 He's finer far in's highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and dady,
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's fun,
 He'll screen me wi' his highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady ;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his lawland lads,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my highland laddie.
 O my bonny, &c.

ALLAN WATER;

OR, MY LOVE ANNY'S VERY BONNY.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat?
 What verse be found to praise my Annie?
 On her ten thousand graces wait,
 Each swain admires and owns she's bonny.
 Since first she trode the happy plain,
 She set each youthful heart on fire;
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,
 That Anny kindles new desire.
 This lovely darling dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming Anny,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
 All day the am'rous youths convene,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.
 Among the crowd Amyntor came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Anny;
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.
 With smiles the lovely nymph reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, Why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.
 Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
 He stole away my virgin heart;
 Cease poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.

Some brighter beauty you may find,
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
 Then choose some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Anny.

C.

 THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSY.

THE collier has a daughter,
 And O she's wond'rous bonny,
 A laird he was that fought her,
 Rich baith in lands and mony:
 The tutors watch'd the motion
 Of this young honest lover;
 But love is like the ocean,
 Wha can its depth discover!

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected;
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The collier's bonny lassie,
 Fair as the new blown lily,
 Ay sweet, and never faucy,
 Secur'd the heart of Willy.

He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her.
 After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving
 He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye,
 'Tis nae your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye:

For I have gear in plenty,
And love says 'tis my duty
To ware what heaven has lent me
Upon your wit and beauty.

WHERE HELEN LIES.

TO IN MOURNING.

AH ! Why those tears in Nelly's eyes !
To hear thy tender sighs and cries,
The Gods stand list'ning from the skies,
Pleas'd with thy piety.
To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a care,
Who views thee as an angel fair,
Or some divinity.

O be less graceful, or more kind,
And cool this fever of my mind,
Caus'd by the boy severe and blind ;
Wounded I sigh for thee ;
While hardly dare I hope to rise
To such a height by Hymen's ties,
To lay me down where Helen lies,
And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love, and die,
When such a sovereign cure is by ?
No ; she can love, and I'll go try
Whate'er my fate may be,
Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes,
With those dear agents I'll advise,
They tell the truth when tongues tell lies,
The least believ'd by me.

SONG.

Tune—*Gallowshiels.*

As the shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her :
 The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For oh ! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling.
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee ;
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
 Still in my hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

 TO L. M. M.
Tune—*Ranting roaring Willy.*

O MARY ! thy graces and glances,
 Thy smiles so enchantingly gay,
 And thoughts so divinely harmonious
 Clear wit and good humour display.

But say not thou'lt imitate angels ;
 Ought fairer, though scarcely, ah me !
 Can be found equalizing thy merit,
 A match amongst mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties shed fires
 May warm up ten thousand to love,
 Who despairing, may fly to some other,
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.
 What a mixture of sighing and joys
 This distant adoring of thee,
 Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,
 Who loves in sad silence like me ?

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure,
 And shipwreck'd, on landships on shore :
 Be still more divine and have pity ;
 I die soon as hope is no more.
 For, Mary, my soul is thy captive,
 Nor love, nor expects to be free ;
 Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
 Thy slav'ry's a pleasure to me.

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

THIS is not mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't ;
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't.
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me ;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.

When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay ;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

FINT A CRUM OF THEE SHE FAWS.

RETURN hameward, my heart again,
 And bide where thou wast wont to be,
 Thou art a fool to suffer pain,
 For love of ane that loves not thee :
 My heart, let be sic fantasie,
 Love only where thou hast good cause ;
 Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,
 The fint a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect shouldst thou be thrall ?
 Be happy in thine ain free-will,
 My heart, be never bestial,
 But ken wha does thee good or ill :
 At hame with me then tarry still,
 And see wha can best play their paws,
 And let the filly fling her fill,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Though she be fair, I will not fenzie,
 She's of a kind with mony mae ;
 For why, they are a felon menzie
 That seemeth good, and are not sae.

My heart, take neither flurt nor wae
 For Meg, for Marjory, or Maufe,
 But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.
 Remember, how that Medea
 Wild for a fight of Jafon yied;
 Remember how young Creflida
 Left Troilus for Diomede;
 Remember Helen, as we read,
 Brought Troy from blifs unto bare waws:
 Then let her gae where she may speed,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.
 Because she faid I took it ill,
 For her depart my heart was fair,
 But was beguil'd; gae where she will,
 Beshrew the heart that first takes care:
 But be thou merry late and air,
 This is the final end and claufe,
 And let her feed and fooly fair,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.
 Ne'er dunt again within my breast,
 Ne'er let her flights thy courage spill,
 Nor gie a sob, although she sneest,
 She's fairest paid that gets her will.
 She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
 When she glaicks paughty in her brows;
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Z.

 TO MRS. E. C.

Tune—*Sae merry as we have been.*

Now Phœbus advances on high,
 Nae footsteps of winter are seen:
 The birds carrol sweet in the sky,
 And lambkins dance reels on the green.

Through plantings, and burnies fae clear,
 We wander for pleasure and health,
 Where buddings and blossoms appear,
 Giving prospects of joy and wealth.

View ilka gay scene all around,
 That are, and that promise to be ;
 Yet in them a' naething is found
 Sae perfect, Eliza, as thee.
 Thy een-the clear fountains excel,
 Thy locks they out-rival the grove ;
 When zephyrs thus pleasingly swell,
 Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The roses and lilies combin'd,
 And flowers of maist delicate hue,
 By thy cheek and dear breast are outshin'd,
 Their tinctures are naething fae true.
 What can compare with thy voice ?
 And what with thy humour fae sweet ?
 Nae music can bless with sic joys ;
 Sure angels are just fae complete.

Fair blossom of ilka delight,
 Whose beauties ten thousand out-shine ;
 Thy sweets shall be lasting and bright,
 Being mixt with sae many divine.
 Ye powers, who have given sic charms
 To Eliza, your image below,
 O save her frae all human harms !
 And make her hours happily flow.

MY DADDY FORBAD, MY MINNY FORBAD.

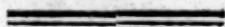
WHEN I think on my lad,
 I sigh and am sad,
 For now he is far frae me.

My daddy was harsh,
 My minny was warse,
 That gart him gae 'yont the sea,
 Without an estate,
 That made him look blate ;
 And yet a brave lad is he,
 Gin safe he come hame,
 In spite of my dame,
 He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers nae advice,
 Of parents o'er wise,
 That have but ae bairn like me,
 That looks upon cash,
 As naething but trash,
 That shackles what shou'd be free.
 And though my dear lad
 Not ae penny had,
 Since qualities better has he ;
 Albiest I'm an heiress,
 I think it but fair is,
 To love him, since he loves me.

Then, my dear Jamie,
 To thy kind Jeanie,
 Hasten, hasten thee in o'er the sea,
 To her wha can find
 Nae ease in her mind,
 Without a blyth sight of thee.
 Though my daddy forbad,
 And my minny forbad,
 Forbidden I will not be ;
 For since thou alone
 My favour hast won,
 None else shall e'er get it for me.
 Yet them I'll not grieve,
 Or without their leave,
 Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee.

Be content with a heart,
 That can never desert,
 Till they cease to oppose or be.
 My parents may prove
 Yet friends to our love,
 When our firm resolves they see ;
 Then I with pleasure
 Will yield up my treasure
 And a' that love orders to thee.



Tune—*Steer her up, and haud her gawn.*

O STEER her up, and haud her gawn,
 Her mither's at the mill, jo ;
 But gin she winna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.
 Pray thee, lad, leave filly thinking,
 Cast thy cares of love away ;
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
 'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining gla's of claret,
 How invitingly it looks ;
 Take it aff, and let's have mair o't,
 Pox on fighting, trade, and books.
 Let's have pleasure while we're able,
 Bring us in the meikle bowl,
 Plac't on the middle of the table,
 And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
 Fou, as ever it can hold :
 O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
 'Tis mair precious far than gold :
 By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
 Bacchus will begin to prove,
 Spite of Venus and her Mumpers,
 Drinking better is than love.

CLOUT THE CAULDRON.

HAVE you any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers ?
I am a tinker to my trade,
And newly come from Flanders,
As scant of filler as of grace,
Disbanded we've a bad run ;
Gar tell the Lady of the place,
I'm come to clout her cauldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a single flie
For any man's resentment ;
For lady fair, though I appear
To ev'ry ane a tinkler,
Yet to yoursel I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love Jupiter into a swan
Turn'd for his lovely Leda ;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
To carry aff Europa.
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argos blinker,
And win your love, like mighty Jove,
Thus hide me in a tinkler.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
But this fine plot you'll fail in,
For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron,
For I've a tinker under tack
That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

THE MALT MAN.

THE malt-man comes on Monday,
 He craves wonder fair,
 Cries, Dame, come gi'e me my filler,
 Or malt ye fall ne'er get mair.
 I took him into the pantry,
 And gave him some good cock-broo,
 Syne paid him upon a gantree,
 As hostler wives should do.

When malt-men come for filler,
 And gaugers with wands o'er foon,
 Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
 And clear them as I have done.
 This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
 Will keep them frae making din,
 The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
 The snackest of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,
 But I can be as flee,
 And he may crack of his winning,
 When he clears scores with me :

For come when he likes, I'm ready ;
 But if frae hame I be,
 Let him wait on our kind lady,
 She'll answer a bill for me.

BONNY BESSY.

Tune—*Bessy's Haggies*

BESSY's beauties shine fae bright,
 Were her many virtues fewer,
 She wad ever give delight,
 And in transport make me view her.

VOL. I.

L

Bonny Bessy, thee alane
 Love I, naething else but thee ;
 With thy comeliness I'm tane,
 And langer cannot live without thee.
 Bessy's bosom's fast and warm,
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd ;
 He who takes her to his arm,
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear Bessy, when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Virtue, which thy mind discloses,
 Will keep love frae growing caulder.
 Bessy's tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her face and soul discovers
 These enchanting sweets in plenty
 Must intice a thousand lovers.
 It's not money, but a woman
 Of a temper kind and easy,
 That gives happiness uncommon,
 Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

As I went forth to view the spring
 Which Flora had adorned
 In raiment fair ; now every thing
 The rage of winter scorned :
 I cast mine eye, and did espy
 A youth, who made great clamor ;
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breast he lay along,
 Hard by a murm'ring river,
 And mournfully his doleful song
 With sighs he did deliver,

Ah ! Jeany's face has comely grace,
 Her locks that shine like lammer,
 With burning rays have cut my days ;
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

Her glancy een like comets shine,
 The morning sun out-shining,
 Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
 And make me die with pining.
 Durst I complain, Nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose beauties rare make me with care
 Cry, *omnia vincit amor*.

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,
 Be partners of my mourning,
 Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
 Condemn her for her scorning :
 Let every tree a witness be,
 How justly I may blame her ;
 Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor*.

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admired,
 And been ador'd for virtues rare,
 Wh' of life now makes me tir'd.
 Thus said, his breath began to fail,
 He could not speak, but stammer ;
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
 But *omnia vincit amor*.

When I observ'd him near to death,
 I run in haste to save him,
 But quickly he resign'd his breath,
 So deep the wound love gave him.
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
 My tongue shall ay defame her,
 While on his herse I'll write this verse,
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor*.

Straight I consider'd in my mind
 Upon the matter rightly,
 And found, though Cupid he be blind,
 He proves in pith most mighty.
 For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
 And Vulcan with his hammer,
 Did ever prove the slaves of love,
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

Hence we may see th' effects of love,
 Which Gods and men keep under,
 That nothing can his bonds remove,
 Or torments break afunder :
 Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school,
 To learn this from his grammar ;
 His heart's the book, where he's to look,
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

Q.

THE AULD-WIFE BEYONT THE FIRE.

I.

THERE was a wife won'd in a glen,
 And she had dochters nine or ten,
 That fought the house baith but and ben,
 To find their mam a snishing.
 The auld wife beyont the fire,
 The auld wife aniest the fire,
 The auld wife aboon the fire,
 She died for lack of snishing.

II.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
 Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
 For I maun hae a young goodman
 Shall furnish me with snishing.
 The auld wife, &c.

III.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if ye with a younker wald,
 He'll haste away your snifhing.
 The auld wife, &c.

IV.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
 O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
 Besides ha'f blind, you have the gout,
 Your mill can haud nae snifhing.
 The auld wife, &c.

V.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
 And will nae langer live in dump,
 By wanting of my snifhing.
 The auld wife, &c.

VI.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky flut,
 Mother, if you can crack a nut,
 Then we will a' consent to it,
 That you shall have a snifhing.
 The auld wife, &c.

VII.

The auld ane did agree to that,
 And they a pistol-bullet gat;
 She powerfully began to crack,
 To won hersel a snifhing.
 The auld wife, &c.

L. 3

Note. Snifhing, in it's literal meaning, is snuff made of tobacco; but, in this song, it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, &c.

VIII.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
 And 'tween her gums sae squeeze and row't,
 While frae her jaws the flaver flow'd,
 And ay she curs'd poor stumpy,
 The auld wife, &c.

IX.

At last she gae a desperate squeeze,
 Which brak the lang tooth by thee neez,
 And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
 But she tint hopes of finishing.
 The auld wife, &c.

X.

She of the talk began to tire,
 And frae her dochters did retire,
 Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
 And died for lack of finishing.
 The auld wife, &c.

XI.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,
 Asoon as ye're past mark of mouth,
 Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
 And leave aff thought of finishing :
 Else like this wife beyont the fire,
 Your bairns against you will conspire ;
 Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,
 A young man with your finishing.

Q.

 I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

My dear and only love, I pray,
 That little world of thee,
 Be govern'd by no other sway,
 But purest monarchy :

For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love the more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in aw :
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm or vex me fore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should only be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dares to share with me :
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was known before ;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

THE BLACKBIRD.

UPON a fair morning for soft recreation,
I heard a fair lady was making her moan,
With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
Saying, My blackbird most royal is flown.
My thoughts they deceive me,
Reflections do grieve me,
And I am o'erburdened with sad misery ;
Yet, if death should blind me,
As true love inclines me,
My blackbird I'll seek out, wherever he be.
Once in fair England my blackbird did flourish,
He was the chief flower that in it did spring ;
Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
Because he was the true son of a king ;
But since that false fortune,
Which is still uncertain,
Has caused this parting between him and me,
His name I'll advance,
In Spain and in France,
And seek out my blackbird, wherever he be.
The birds of the forest all met together,
The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove ;
And I am resolv'd, in foul or fair weather,
Once in the spring to seek out my love.
He's all my heart's treasure,
My joy and my pleasure ;
And justly (my love) my heart follows thee,
Who are constant and kind,
And courageous of mind,
All bliss on my blackbird, wherever he be.
In England my blackbird and I met together,
Where he was still noble and gen'rous of heart,
Ah ! wo to the time that first he went thither,
Alas ! he was forc'd from thence to depart.

In Scotland he's deem'd,
And highly esteem'd,
In England he seemeth a stranger to be ;
Yet his fame shall remain,
In France and in Spain ;
All blifs to my blackbird, wherever he be.
What-if the fowler my blackbird has taken,
Then fighting and fobbing will be all my tune ;
But if he is safe I'll not be forsaken,
And hope yet to see him in May or in June.
For him thro' the fire,
Thro' mud and thro' mire,
I'll go ; for I love him to such a degree,
Who is constant and kind,
And noble of mind,
Deserving all blessings, wherever he be.
It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
Nor tho' like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,
I may meet with friendship of one is a stranger,
More than of one that in Britain is born.
I pray heaven so spacious,
To Britain be gracious,
Tho' some there be odious to both him and me,
Yet joy and renown,
And laurels shall crown
My blackbird with honour, wherever he be.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YOU.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, with his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
Then Bell, my wife, wha loves nae strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
And she is come of a good kine ;
Aft has she wat the bairn's mou,
And I am laith that she should tyne ;
Get up, goodman, it is fou' time,
The sun shines in the lift fae hie ;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear ;
But now it's scanty worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year ;
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die :
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they cost but ha'f-a-crown ;
He said, they were a groat o'er dear,
And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
He was a king that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule ;
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly ?
While I sit hurklen in the ase,
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken ;
And we have had between us twa,
Of lads and bonny lasses ten :

Now, they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be :
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she loves na strife ;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman :
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

THE QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE.

Tune—*Jocky blyth and gay.*

SWIFT, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
 Are still my heart's delight,
 I sing their fangs by day,
 And read their tales by night.
 If frae their books I be,
 'Tis dulness then with me ;
 But when these stars appear,
 Jokes, smiles, and wit shine clear.

Swift with uncommon stile,
 And wit that flows with ease
 Instructs us with a smile,
 And never fails to please,
 Bright Sandy gladly sings
 Of heroes, Gods, and kings :
 He well deserves the bays,
 And every Briton's praise.

While thus our Homer shines :
Young, with Horacian flame,
Corrects these false designs
We push in love of fame.
Blyth Gay in pawky strains,
Makes villains, clowns, and swains
Reprove, with biting leer,
Those in a higher sphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Long may you give delight ;
Let all the dunces bray,
You're far above their spite :
Such, from a malice four,
Write nonsense, lame and poor,
Which never can succeed,
For, who the trash will read ?

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY.

PART SECOND.

*She sung—the youth attention gave,
And charms on charms espies ;
Then all in raptures falls a slave,
Both to her voice and eyes.*

TO CLARINDA.

A SONG.

Tune—*I wish my Love were in a Myre.*

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile, &c.
So spoke and smil'd the eastern maid ;
Like thine, seraphic were her charms,
That in Circassia's vineyards stray'd,
And blest the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair of high desert,
Strave to enchant the amorous king ;
But the Circassian gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal bird to sing.

VOL. I.

M

Clarinda thus our sang inspires,
And claims the smooth and highest lays,
But while each charm our bosom fires,
Words seem too few to sound her praise.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,
To paint surpasses human skill :
Her majesty, mixt with the sweet,
Let seraphs sing her if they will.
Whilst wond'ring with a ravish'd eye,
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a sister of the sky,
To whom an adoration's due.

SONG.

Tune—*Lochaber no more.*

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I've many days been ;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir,
Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd ;
By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd.
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?

Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my las, to win honour and fame.
 And If I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

THE AULD GOODMAN.

LATE in an evening forth I went,
 A little before the sun gaed down,
 And there I chanc'd by accident,
 To light on a battle new begun.
 A man and his wife was fa'en in a strife,
 I canna well tell you how it began;
 But ay she wail'd her wretched life,
 And cry'd ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

HE.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
 The country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
 For he did spend, and make an end
 Of gear that his fore-fathers wan,
 He gart the poor stand frae the door,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,
 When I think on my winsome John,
 His blinken eye, and gate sae free,
 Was naething like thee, thou dosen'd drone.
 His rosie face, and flaxen hair,
 And a skin as white as ony swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withal,
 And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
 For meal and mawt thou disna want;
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.
 Of household stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
 Of siclike ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret my fell,
 To think on these blyth days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In arms into a well-made bed:
 But now I sigh and may be sad,
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.
 Then coming was the night fae dark,
 And gane was a' the light o' day;
 The carl was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay.
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
 I trow the wife the day she wan,
 And ay the o'erword of the fray
 Was ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

Z.

SONG.

Tune—*Valiant Jocky.**On a beautiful, but very young Lady.*

BEAUTY from fancy takes its arms,
 And ev'ry common face some breast may move,
 Some in a look, a shape, or air find charms,
 To justify their choice, or boast their love.

But had the great Appelles seen that face,
 When he the Cyprian goddess drew,
 He had neglected all the female race,
 Thrown his first Venus by, and copied you.
 In that design,
 Great nature would combine
 To fix the standard of her sacred coin;
 The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame,
 And shrines been rais'd to Seraphina's name.

II.

But since no painter e'er could take
 That face which baffles all his curious art,
 And he that strives the bold attempt to make,
 As well might paint the secrets of the heart;
 O happy glass, I'll thee prefer,
 Content to be, like thee, inanimate,
 Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
 A better life and motion would create.
 Her eyes would inspire,
 And like Prometheus' fire,
 At once inform the piece and give desire;
 The charming phantom I would grasp, and fly
 O'er all the orb, though in that moment die.

III.

Let meaner beauties fear the day,
 Whose charms are fading, and submit to time;
 The graces which from them it steals away,
 It with a lavish hand still adds to thine.
 The god of love in ambush lies,
 And with his arms surrounds the fair,
 He points his conquering arrows in these eyes,
 Then hangs a sharp'ned dart at every hair.
 As with a fatal skill,
 Turn which way you will,
 Like Eden's flaming sword each way you kill;
 So rip'ning years improve rich nature's store,
 And gives perfection to the golden ore. P.

LASS WITH A LUMP OF LAND.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
 And we for life shall gang the gither,
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
 I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
 And bloom alane is na worth a shilling,
 But she that's rich, her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure ;
 Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
 They'll never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
 And filler and gowd's a sweet complexion ;
 But beauty and wit, and virtue in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection ;
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
 And naething can catch our modern sparks,
 But well tocher'd lasses, or jointer'd widows.

 THE SHEPHERD ADONIS.

I.

THE shepherd Adonis

Being weary'd with sport,

He for a retirement

To the woods did resort.

He threw by his club,

And he laid himself down ;

He envy'd no monarch,

Nor wish'd for a crown.

II.

He drank of the burn,
 And he ate frae the tree,
 Himself he enjoy'd,
 And frae trouble was free.
 He wish'd for no nymph,
 Though never fae fair,
 Had nae love nor ambition,
 And therefore no care.

III.

But as he lay thus
 In an ev'ning fae clear,
 A heav'nly sweet voice
 Sounded fast in his ear ;
 Which came frae a shady
 Green neighbouring grove,
 Where bonny Aminta
 Sat fingering of love.

IV.

He wander'd that way,
 And found wha was there,
 He was quite confounded
 To see her fae fair :
 He stood like a statue,
 Not a foot cou'd he move,
 Nor knew he what griev'd him ;
 But he fear'd it was love.

V.

The nymph she beheld him
 With a kind modest grace,
 Seeing something that pleas'd her
 Appear in his face,
 With blushing a little,
 She to him did say,
 Oh shepherd ! what want ye,
 How came you this way ?

VI.

His spirits reviving,
 He to her reply'd,
 I ne'er was fae surpris'd
 At the sight of a maid,
 Until I beheld thee,
 From love I was free:
 But now I'm ta'en captive,
 My fairest, by thee.

 THE COMPLAINT—TO B. I. G.

Tune—*When absent, &c.*

WHEN absent from the nymph I love,
 I'd fain shake off the chains I wear;
 But whilst I strive these to remove,
 More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
 My captiv'd fancy day and night
 Fairer and fairer represents
 Belinda form'd for dear delight,
 But cruel cause of my complaints.
 All day I wander thro' the groves,
 And sighing hear from ev'ry tree
 The happy birds chirping their loves,
 Happy, compar'd to lonely me.
 When gentle sleep with balmy wings
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,
 That keep me watching all the night.
 Sleep flies, while like the Goddess fair,
 And all the graces in her train,
 With melting smiles and killing air
 Appears the cause of all my pain.
 A while my mind delighted flies
 O'er all her sweets with thirling joy,
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
I'm all o'er transport and desire ;
My pulse beats high, my cheek appears
All roses, and mine eyes, all fire.
When to mysel I turn my view,
My veins grow chill, my cheek looks wan :
Thus whilst my fears my pains renew,
I scarcely look or move a man.

THE YOUNG LASS CONTRA AULD MAN.

THE carl he came o'er the craft,
And his beard new shav'n,
He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
The carl trows that I would hae him.
Howt awa, I winna hae him !
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
For a' his beard new shav'n,
Ne'er a bit I winna hae him.

A filler broach he gae me neist,
To fasten on my curchea nooked,
I wor'd a wee upon my breast ;
But soon, alake ! the tongue o't crooked ;
And sae may his, I winna hae him,
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,
Ane twice a bairn's a lass's jest ;
Sae only fool for me may hae him.

The carl has nae faut but ane ;
For he has land and dollars plenty ;
But wae's me for him ! skin and bane
Is no for a plump lass of twenty.
Howt awa, I winna hae him,
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,
What signifies his dirty riggs,
And cash, without a man with them ?

But shou'd my cankard daddy gar
 Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
 I warn the fumbler to beware,
 That antlers dinna claim their station.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him !
 Na, foorfooth, I winna hae him !
 I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,
 Sae lawty says, I shou'd na hae him.

VIRTUE AND WIT—*The Preservative of Love and Beauty.*
 Tune—*Killikranky.*

HE.

CONFESS thy love, fair blushing maid,
 For since thine eye's consenting,
 Thy faster thoughts are a' betray'd,
 And na-says no worth tenting.
 Why aims thou to oppose thy mind,
 With words thy wish denying ?
 Since nature made thee to be kind,
 Reason allows complying.
 Nature and reason's joint consent
 Make love a sacred blessing,
 Then happily that time is spent,
 That's war'd on kind carefing.
 Come then, my Katie, to my arms,
 I'll be nae mair a rover ;
 But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
 And prove a faithful lover.

SHE.

What you design, by nature's law,
 Is fleeting inclination,
 That Willy-Wisp beguiles us-a'
 By its infatuation.
 When that goes out, caresses tire,
 And love's na mair in season,
 Syne weakly we blow up the fire,
 With all our boasted reason.

HE.

The beauties of inferior cast
 May start this just reflection;
 But charms, like thine, maun always last,
 Where wit has the protection.
 Virtue and wit, like April rays,
 Make beauty rise the sweeter;
 The langer then on thee I gaze,
 My love will grow completer.

SONG.

Tune—*The happy Clown.*

It was the charming month of May,
 When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
 One morning by the break of day,
 Sweet Chloe, chaste and fair,
 From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
 To breathe a purer air.
 Her looks so sweet, so gay her mein,
 Her handsome shape, and dress so clean,
 She look'd all o'er like beauty's queen,
 Drest in her best array.
 The gentle winds, and purling stream,
 Assay'd to whisper Chloe's name,
 The savage beasts, till then ne'er tame,
 Wild adoration pay.
 The feather'd people, one might see,
 Perch'd all around her on a tree,
 With notes of sweetest melody
 They act a cheerful part.
 The dull slaves on the toilsome plow,
 Their wearied necks and knees do bow,
 A glad subjection there they vow
 To pay with all their heart.

The bleating flocks that then came by,
 Soon as the charming nymph they spy,
 They leave their hoarse and rueful cry,
 And dance around the brooks.

The woods are glad, the meadows smile,
 And Forth that foam'd and roar'd ere while,
 Glides calmly down and smooth as oil,
 Through all its charming crooks.

The finny squadrons are content
 To leave their wat'ry element,
 In glazie numbers down they bent,
 They flutter all along.

The insects, and each creeping thing,
 Join'd to make up the rural ring;
 All frisk and dance, if she but sing.
 And make a jovial throng.

Kind Phœbus now began to rise,
 And paint with red the eastern skies,
 Struck with the glory of her eyes,
 He shrinks behind a cloud.

Her mantle on a bow she lays,
 And all her glory she displays,
 She left all nature in amaze,
 And skip'd into the wood.

X.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

BALOW, my boy, ly still and sleep,
 It grieves me fore to hear thee weep
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
 Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
 Thy father bred me great annoy.
 Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
 It grieves me fore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay God forbid;
For in thine eye his look I see,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.

Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugar'd words to move,
His tempting face, and flatt'ring cheer,
In time to me did not appear;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth
That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth;
Let never any after me
Submit into thy courtesy:
For, if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst;
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were a maid again,
From young mens flattery I'd refrain,
For now unto my grief I find
They all are perjur'd and unkind;
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witness my babe lies in my arms.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a nurse,

And lull my young son on my lap,
From me, sweet orphan, take the pap.
Balow, my child, thy mother mild
Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart ;
For too soon trusting latest finds,
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son has play'd ;
Of vows and oaths, forgetful he
Prefer'd the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine.

Balow, my boy, &c.

But curse not him, perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :
Perhaps at death ; for who can tell,
Whether the Judge of heaven or hell,
By some proud foe has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds,
Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair.
No woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, though not forget.

Balow, my boy, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My smock once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding sheet.

Ah me ! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee ;
'Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me :
Thy griefs are growing to a fum,
God grant thee patience when they come ;
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

Balow, my boy, ly still and and sleep,
It grieves me fore to hear thee weep.

X

SONG.

SHE RAISE AND LOOT ME IN.

THE night her silent fable wore,
And gloomy were the skies ;
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
Than those in Nelly's eyes.

When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, shrouded only with her smock,
Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
She trembling stood asham'd ;
Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch inflam'd.

My eager passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the fort to win ;
And her fond heart was soon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
Transporting was the joy ;
I knew no greater blessing,
So blest a man was I.

And she, all ravish'd with delight,
 Bid me oft come again ;
 And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
 She'd rise and let me in.

But ah ! at last she prov'd with bairn,
 And sighing fat and dull,
 And I that was as much concern'd,
 Look'd just e'en like a fool.
 Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her rash sin :
 She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
 That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part :
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart,
 But wedded, and conceal'd our crime :
 Thus all was well again ;
 And now she thanks the happy time
 That e'er she loot me in.

Z,

 SONG.

IF LOVE'S A SWEET PASSION.

If love's a sweet passion, why does it torment ?
 If a bitter, O tell me whence comes this complaint ?
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,
 And, by passionate silence, I make my love known.
 But oh ! how I'm blest'd when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake to discover her love,
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing is beauty? how sweet are the charms?
 How delightful embraces? how peaceful her arms?
 Sure there is nothing so easy as learning to love;
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield.
 For 'tis beauty that conquers and wins the fair field.

 JOHN OCHILTREE.

HONEST man, John Ochiltree;
 Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
 Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,
 And dance as thou was wont to do?
 Alake, alake, I wont to do!
 Ohon, ohon, I wont to do!
 Now wont to do's away frae me,
 Frae silly auld John Ochiltree.

Honest man, John Ochiltree;
 Mine ain auld John Ochiltree:
 Come anes out o'er the moor to me,
 And do but what thou dow to do.
 Alake, alake! I dow to do!
 Walaways! I dow to do!
 To whoft and hirple o'er my tree,
 My bonny moor-powt, is a' I may do.

Walaways! John Ochiltree,
 For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
 Thou rade fae fast by sea and land;
 And wadna keep a bridle-hand;
 Thou'd tine thy beast, thyself wad die,
 My silly auld John Ochiltree.
 Come to my arms, my bonny thing,
 And cheer me up to hear thee sing;
 And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
 For thoughts maun now my life sustain.

Gae thy ways John Ochiltree :

Hae done ! it has nae fa'r wi' me.

I'll fet the beast in throw the land,

She'll may be fa' in a better hand ;

Even sit down there and drink thy fill,

For I'll dō as I want to do still.

Z.

SONG.

Tune—*Jenny beguil'd the Wabster.*

THE AULD CHORUS.

Up stairs, down stairs,

Timber stairs fear me.

I'm laith to lie a' night my lane,

And Johny's bed sae near me.

O MITHER dear, I 'gin to fear,

Tho' I'm baith good and bonny,

I winna keep ; for in my sleep.

I start and dream of Johny :

When Johny then comes down the glea

To woo me, dinna hinder ;

But with content gi' your consent,

For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry than miscarry,

For shame and skaith's the clink o't ;

To thole the dool, to mount the stool,

I downa bide to think o't ;

Sae while 'tis time I'll shun the crime,

That gars poor Epps gae whinging,

With haunches fow, and een sae blew,

To a' the bedrals binging.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,

The kirk had ne'er a kend it ;

But when the word's gane thro' the town,

Alake ! how can she mend it ?

Now Tam maun face the minister,
And the maun mount the pillar :
And that's the way that they maun gae,
For poor folk has nae filler.

Now ha'd your tongue, my daughter young,
Reply'd the kindly mither,
Get Johny's hand in haly band,
Syne wap your wealth together.
I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
Ye'll do your part discreetly ;
And prove a wife will gar his life
And barrel run right sweetly.

SONG.

Tune—*Wat ye wha I met yestreen, &c.*

Of all the birds whose tuneful throats
Dó welcome in the verdant spring,
I far prefer the Stirling's notes,
And think she does most sweetly sing.
Nor thrush, nor linnet, nor the bird
Brought from the far Canary coast,
Nor can the nightingale afford
Such melody as she can boast.

When Phœbus southward darts his fires,
And on our plains he looks askance,
The nightingale with him retires,
My Stirling makes my blood to dance.
In spite of Hyem's nipping frost,
Whether the day be dark or clear,
Shall I not to her health entoast,
Who makes it summer all the year ?

Then by thyself, my lovely bird,
I'll stroke thy back, and kiss thy breast :
And if you'll take my honest word,
As sacred as before the priest,

I'll bring thee where I will devise
Such various ways to please thee,
The velvet fog thou wilt despise,
When on the downy hills with me.

T. R.

SONG.*To its own Tune.*

IN January last,
On Munanday at morn,
As through the fields I past,
To view the winter corn,
I looked me behind,
And saw come o'er the know,
And glancing in her apron,
With a bonny brent brow ;
I said, Good-morrow, fair maid,
And she right courteously
Return'd a beck, and kindly said,
Good day, sweet fir, to you.
I spear'd, my dear, how far awa
Do ye intend to gae ?
Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa
Out o'er yon broomy brae.

HE.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
To have sic company ;
For I'm ganging straight that gate
Where ye intend to be.
When we had gane a mile or twain,
I said to her, My dow,
May we not lean us on this plain,
And kiss your bonny mou' ?

SHE.

Kind Sir, ye are a wee mistane;
 For I am nane of these;
 I hope ye some mair breeding ken,
 Than to ruffle womens claife:
 For may be I have chosen ane,
 And plighted him my vow,
 Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
 And kifs my bonny mou'.

HE.

Na, if ye are contracted,
 I hae nae mair to say:
 Rather than be rejected,
 I will gie o'er the play;
 And chuse anither will respect
 My love and on me rew,
 And let me clasp her round the neck,
 And kifs her bonny mou'.

SHE.

O Sir, you are proud hearted,
 And laith to be said nay,
 Else ye wad ne'er a started
 For ought that I did say;
 For women in their modesty,
 At first they winna bow:
 But if we like your company,
 We'll prove as kind as you.

Z.

SONG.

Tune—*I'll never leave thee.*

ONE day I heard Mary say,
 How shall I leave thee?
 Stay dearest Adonis, stay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me?

Alas ! my fond heart will break,
 If thou shouldst leave me.
 I'll live and die for thy sake ;
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee ?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love, that has griev'd thee ?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me.
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee ?
 Can Mary thy anguish sooth ?
 This breast shall receive thee.
 My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee :
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
 How shall I leave thee ?
 O ! that thought makes me sad,
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my Adonis fly ?
 Why does he grieve me ?
 Alas ! my poor heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.

C.

SLEEPY BODY, DROWSY BODY.

SOMNOLENTE, quæso, repente
 Vigila, vive, me tange.
 Somnolente, quæso, repente
 Vigila, vive, me tange.

Cum me ambiebas,
 Videri solebas,
 Amoris negotiis aptus;
 At factus maritus,
 In lecto sopitus,
 Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.

O sleepy body,
 And drowsy body,
 O wiltuna waken and turn thee?
 To drivel and draunt,
 While I sigh and gauat,
 Gives me good reason to scorn thee.

When thou shouldst be kind,
 Thou turns sleepy and blind,
 And snotters and snores far frae me.
 Wae light on thy face,
 Thy drowsy embrace
 Is enough to gar me betray thee.

Q.

GENERAL LESLY'S MARCH TO LONGMASTON MOOR.

MARCH, march,
 Why the d—— do ye na march?
 Stand to your arms, my lads,
 Fight in good order,
 Front about, ye musketeers all,
 Till ye come to the English border.
 Stand till't, and fight like men,
 True gospel to maintain,
 The parliament blyth to see us a coming.
 When to the kirk we come,
 We'll purge it ilka room,
 Frae Popish relicts, and a sic innovations,
 That a' the world may see,
 There's nane i' the right but we
 Of the auld Scottish nation.

Jenny shall wear the hood,
 Jocky the fark of God;
 And the kist fou of whistles,
 That make sic a cleiro,
 Our pipers braw
 Shall hae them a'
 Whate'er come on it.
 Busk up your plaids, my lads,
 Cock up your bonnets,
 March, march, &c.

Z.

SONG.

Tune—*I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

HE.

ADIEU, for a while, my native green plains,
 My dearest relations, and neighbouring fwains,
 Dear Nelly, frae these I'd start easily free,
 Were minutes not ages, while absent frae thee.

SHE.

Then tell me the reason thou does not obey
 The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away;
 Alake, thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
 A lover sae roving will never mind me.

HE.

The reason unhappy, is owing to fate,
 That gave me a being without an estate,
 Which lays a necessity now upon me
 To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

SHE.

Small fortune may serve where love has the fway,
 Then Johnny be counsell'd nae langer to stray;
 For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,
 Contented I'll ay find a treasure in thee.

HE.

O cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray
 A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way.

To fondness which may prove ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye streams, and witness, ye flowers,
Bear witness, ye watchful invisible powers,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er smile upon me.

SONG.

To the Tune of

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride ;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny marrow ;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
Busk and go to the braes of Yarrow :
There we will sport and gather dew,
Dancing while laverocks sing the morning ;
There learn frae turtle to prove true ;
O Bell ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears, o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
With free consent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus sang I fastly to my fair,
Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

CORN RIGS ARE BONNY.

My Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size;
 He's stately in his wawking;
 The shining of his een surprise;
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He kifs'd and vow'd he would be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 O corn rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a filly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding were design'd,
 We chastly should be granting;
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony,
 He's free touzle air or late
 Where corn rigs are bonny.

 CROMLET'S LILT.

SINCE all thy vows, false maid,
 Are blown to air,
 And my poor heart betray'd
 To sad despair,
 Into some wilderNESS
 My grief I will express,
 And thy hard heartedness,
 O cruel fair.

Have I not graven our loves
On every tree,
In yonder spreading groves,
Tho' false thou be ?
Was not a solemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
'Thou thy faith, I my troth,
Constant to be ?
Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful shade,
Where neither sun nor wind
E'er entrance had :
Into that hollow cave,
There will I sigh and rave,
Because thou dost behave
So faithlessly.
Wild fruit shall be my meat,
I'll drink the spring,
Cold earth shall be my seat ;
For covering
I'll have the starry sky
My head to canopy,
Until my soul on high
Shall spread its wing.
I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me :
No grave do I desire,
Nor obsequies :
The courteous Red breast he
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy
With doleful voice.
And when a ghost I am,
I'll visit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whose cruelty
O 2

Has kill'd the kindest heart
 That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
 And never can desert
 From loving thee.

X.

SONG.

We'll a' to Kelfo go.

AN I'll awa to bonny Tweed side,
 And see my deary come throw,
 And he sall be mine,
 Gif fae he incline,
 For I hate to lead apes below.

 While young and fair,
 I'll make it my care,
 To secure my fell in a jo ;
 I'm no sic a fool
 To let my blood cool,
 And syne gae lead apes below.

 Few words, bonny lad,
 Will eithly persuade,
 Tho' blushing, I daftly say, no,
 Gae on with your strain,
 And doubt not to gain,
 For I hate to lead apes below.

 Unty'd to a man,
 Do whate'er we can,
 We never can thrive or dow :
 Then I will do well,
 Do better wha will,
 And let them lead apes below.

 Our time is precious,
 And Gods are gracious
 That beauties upon us bestow ;

My tortur'd and uneasy mind
Bereaves me of my rest ;
My thoughts are all to pleasure blind,
With care I'm still oppress'd :
But had I her within my breast,
Who gives me so much pain,
My raptur'd soul would be at rest,
And softest joys regain.

I'd not envy the god of war,
Blest with fair Venus' charms,
Nor yet the thund'ring Jupiter
In fair Alcmena's arms :
Paris, with Helen's beauty blest,
Would be a jest to me ;
If of her charms were I possess'd,
Thrice happier would I be.

But since the gods do not ordain
Such happy fate for me,
I dare not 'gainst their will repine,
Who rule my destiny.
With sprightly wine I'll drown my care,
And cherish up my soul ;
Whene'er I think on my lost fair,
I'll drown her in the bowl.

I. H. *Jamaica.*

THE DECEIVER.

With tuneful pipe and hearty glee,
Young Waty wan my heart ;
A blyther lad ye couldna see,
All beauty without art.
His winning tale
Did soon prevail
To gain my fond belief ;

But soon the fwain
 Gangs o'er the plain,
 And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
 And leaves me full of grief.

Though Colin courts with tunefu' sang,
 Yet few regard his mane :
 The lasses a' 'round Waty thrang,
 While Colin's left alane :
 In Aberdeen
 Was never seen
 A lad that gave sic pain.
 He daily wooes,
 And still pursues,
 Till he does all, till he does all,
 Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he has gain'd the blifs,
 Away then does he run,
 And hardly will afford a kifs,
 To silly me undone :
 Bonny Katy,
 Maggy, Beatty,
 Avoid the roving fwain ;
 His wyly tongue
 Be sure to shun,
 Or you like me, or you like me,
 Like me will be undone.

Z.

SWEET SUSAN,

Tune—*Leader-haughts.*

1.

THE morn was fair, fast was the air,
 All nature's sweets were springing ;
 The buds did bow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing :

When on the bent, with blythe content,
Young Jamie sang his marrow,
Nae bonnier lads e'er trode the grass
On Leader-haugh and Yarrow.

II.

How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace
In heavenly beauty's planted?
Her smiling een, and comely mein
That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But bless my bonny marrow;
If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

III.

Yet though she's fair, and has full share
Of ev'ry charm enchanting,
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny lads! have but the grace
To think, ere ye gae furdur,
Your joys maun flit, if ye commit
The crying sin of murder.

IV.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
And night and day afright ye;
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,
I'll study to delight ye.
Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joys shall borrow;
Thus none shall be more blest than we
On Leader-haugh and Yarrow.

V.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wishes,
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this best of blisses.

Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
Would blast me in the blossom :
But if thou shine, and make me thine,
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

COWDEN-KNOWS.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves,
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves.
But my lov'd song is then the broom
So fair on Cowden-knows ;
For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.
There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart ;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half such art.
He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side,
Oh ! how I bless the sound !
Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowden-knows ;
For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.
Not Tiviot braes so green and gay
May with this broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.
More pleasing far are Cowden-knows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my Ewes
At ev'n amongst the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
 Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of fwains,
 And my lov'd Cowden-knows.

C.

 SANDY AND BETTY.

SANDY in Edinburgh was born,
 As blythe a lad as e'er gade thence;
 Betty did Staffordshire adorn
 With all that's lovely to the sense.
 Had Sandy still remain'd at hame,
 He had not blinkt on Betty's smile;
 For why? he caught the gentle flame
 On this side Tweed full many a mile.
 Shé, like the fragrant violet,
 Still flourish'd in her native mead:
 He, like the stream, improving yet
 The further from his fountain-head.
 The stream must now no further stray;
 A fountain fix'd by Venus' power
 In his clear bosom, to display
 The beauties of his bord'ring flower.
 When gracious Anna did unite
 Two jarring nations into one,
 She bade them mutually unite,
 And make each other's good their own.
 Henceforth let each returning year
 The rose and thistle bear one stem:
 The thistle be the rose's spear,
 The rose the thistle's diadem.
 The queen of Britain's high decree,
 The queen of love is bound to keep;
 Anna the sovereign of the sea,
 Venus the daughter of the deep.

W. B.

ODE.

TO MRS A. R.

Tune—*Love's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove.*

Now spring begins her smiling round,
 And lavish paints th' enamel'd ground ;
 The birds now lift their cheerful voice,
 And gay on every bough rejoice :
 The lovely graces hand in hand,
 Knit fast in love's eternal band,
 With early step, at morning dawn,
 Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where'er the youthful sisters move,
 They fire the soul to genial love ;
 Now, by the river's painted side,
 The swain delights his country bride ;
 While pleas'd, she hears his artless vows,
 Each bird his feather'd consort woos :
 Soon will the ripen'd summer yield
 Her various gifts to every field.

The fertile trees, a lovely show !
 With ruby tinctur'd birth shall glow ;
 Sweet smells from beds of lilies borne
 Perfume the breezes of the morn :
 The smiling day and dewy night
 To rural scenes my fair invite ;
 With summer sweets to feast her eye,
 Yet soon, soon will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
 To profit by th' instructive show,
 Now young and blooming thou appears
 All in the flourish of thy years :
 The lovely bud shall soon disclose
 To every eye the blushing rose ;
 Now, now the tender stalk is seen
 With beauty fresh, and ever green.

But when the sunny hours are past,
Think not the coo'ning scene will last ;
Let not the flatt'rer hope persuade,
Ah ! must I say, that it will fade ?
For see the summer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay !
Now winter from the frozen North
Drives swift his iron chariot forth.
His grizly hands in icy chains
Fair Tweeda's silver stream constrains.
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare ?
Behold his footsteps dire are seen
Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green ;
Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see
A snowy wreath to clothe each tree.
Frequenting now the stream no more,
Thou flies displeas'd the frozen shore,
When thou shalt miss the flowers that grew
But late, to charm thy ravish'd view ;
Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,
And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade :
Shall I, ah ! horrid ! wilt thou say,
Be like to this some other day ?
Yet when in snow and dreary frost
The pleasure of the fields is lost,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires supply the distant sun ;
In gay delights our hours employ,
And do not lose, but change our joy.
Happy ! abandon every care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair.
To turn the page of sacred bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
In cities thus with witty friends
In smiles the hoary season ends.
But when the lovely white and red
From the pale ashy cheek is fled,

Then wrinkles dire, and age severe,
 Make beauty fly, we know not where.
 The fair, whom fates unkind disarm,
 Ah! must they never cease to charm?
 Or is there left some pleasing art
 To keep secure a captive heart?
 Unhappy love! may lovers say,
 Beauty, thy food, does swift decay;
 When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
 What is't thy famine can prevent!
 Lay in good sense with timeous care,
 That love may live on wisdom's fare:
 Though extacy with beauty flies,
 Esteem is born when beauty dies.
 Happy the man whom fates decree
 Their richest gift in giving thee;
 Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
 Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE II.

TO W. D.

Tune—*Willy was a wanton wag.*

WILLY, ne'er inquire what end
 The Gods for thee or me intend;
 How vain the search, that but bestows
 The knowledge of our future woes?
 Happier the man who ne'er repines,
 Whatever lot his fate assigns,
 Than they who idly vex their lives
 With wizzards and enchanting wives.
 Thy present years in mirth employ,
 And consecrate thy youth to joy;
 Whether the fates to thy old score
 Shall bounteous add a winter more,
 Or this shall lay thee cold in earth
 That rages o'er the Pentland firth,

No more with Home the dance to lead;
Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,
That's sacred to the genial hour,
In flowing wine still warm thy soul,
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
Behold, the flying hour is lost,
For time rides ever on the post,
Even while to speak, even while we think,
And waits not for the standing drink.

Collect thy joys each present day,
And live in youth, while best you may;
Have all your pleasures at command,
Nor trust one day in fortune's hand.
Then Willy, be a wanton wag,
If ye wad please the lasses braw,
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
And carry ay the gree awa'.

THE WIDOW.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
And mony braw things the widow can do;

Then have at the widow, my laddie.

With courage attack her baith early and late,
To kifs her and clap her you manna be blate;
Speak well and do better, for that's the best gate

To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow's she's youthfu', and never ae hair
The waur of the wearing, and has a good skair
Of every thing lovely, she's witty and fair,

And has a rich jointure, my laddie!

What could you wish better, your pleasure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,

With naething, but draw in your stool and sit down,

And sport with the widow, my laddie;

Then till'er and kill'er with courtesy dead,
 Though stark love and kindness be all ye can plead;
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed

With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
 Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
 For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're sour and unco fawcy;
 Sae proud, they never can be kind

Like my good humour'd highland lassie.
 O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
 My hearty smiling highland lassie,
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still blebs my lassie.

Than ony lass in borrows-town,
 Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,
 I'd tak my Katy but a gown,
 Bare-footed in her little coatie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
 Whene'er I kifs and court my dauty;
 Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,
 My flighteren heart gangs pittie-patty.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stenn
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
 To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
 O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare by deed or word
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can weild my trusty sword,
 Or frae my fide whisk out a whinger.
 O my bonny, &c.

The mountains cled with purple bloom,
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure
 To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
 O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
 My lovely smiling highland lassie,
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still blefs my lassie.

JOCKY BLYTHE AND GAY,

BLYTHE Jocky young and gay
 Is all my heart's delight;
 He's all my talk by day,
 And all my dreams by night.
 If from the lad I be,
 'Tis winter then with me;
 But when he tarries here,
 'Tis summer all the year.

When I and Jocky met
 First on the flow'ry dale,
 Right sweetly he me tret,
 And love was all his tale.
 You are the las, said he,
 That staw my heart frae me;
 O ease me of my pain,
 And never shaw disdain.

Well can my Jocky kythe
 His love and courtesy,
 He made my heart full blythe
 When he first spake to me.

His suit I ill deny'd,
 He kiss'd and I comply'd :
 Sae Jocky promis'd me
 That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when Jocky comes,
 Sad when he gangs away ;
 'Tis night when Jocky glooms,
 But when he smiles 'tis day.
 When our eyes meet I pant,
 I colour, sigh, and faint ;
 What lass that wad be kind
 Can better tell her mind ?

HAUD AWAY FROM ME, DONALD.

O come away, come away,
 Come away wi' me, Jenny ;
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane
 Whase smiles anes ravish'd me, Jenny ;
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find
 That aught shall alter me, Jenny ;
 For you're the mistress of my mind,
 Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.
 First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,
 You seem'd to favour me, Jenny ;
 But now alas ! you act a part
 That speaks inconstancy, Jenny ;
 Inconstancy is sic a vice,
 'Tis not befitting thee, Jenny :
 It suits not with your virtue nice
 To carry sae to me, Jenny.

O HAUD away, haud away,
 Haud away frae me, Donald ;
 Your heart is made o'erlarge for ane,
 It is not meet for me, Donald ;

Some fickle mistress you may find
 Will jilt as fast as thee Donald;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald.
 But I've a heart that's naething such,
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald;
 I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,
 I hate all levity, Donald.
 Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
 For words of falsehood ill defend
 A roving love like thine, Donald.
 First when you courted, I must own
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald;
 Apparent worth and fair renown
 Made me believe you true, Donald.
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald;
 But now the mask fall'n aff, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, Donald.
 And now, for ever, had away,
 Had away from me, Donald;
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald;
 For I'll reserve mysel for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, Donald;
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loo man, nor thee, Donald.

DONALD.

Then I'm thy man, and false report
 Has only tald a lie, Jenny;
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,
 The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come away to me, Donald;
 I'm well content, ne'er to repent
 That I have smil'd on thee, Donald.

TODLEN BUTT, AND TODLEN BEN.

WHEN I've a saxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town :
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by ;
O ! poverty parts good company.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Cou'dna my love come todlen hame ?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
She gi's us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if that her tippenny chance to be sma',
We'll tak a good scour o't and ca't awa'.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint stoups at our bed's feet ;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry :
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?

Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay fae good-humour'd when weeting your mou' ;
When sober, fae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
That 'tis a blythe fight to the bairns and me,

When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame. Z.

THE AULD MAN'S BEST ARGUMENT.

Tune—*Widow, are ye wawking ?*

O WHA'S at my chamber door ?

“ Fair widow are ye wawking ! ”

Auld carl, your suit give o'er,

Your love lies a' in tawking.

Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,
 Sweet like an April meadow;
 'Tis sic as he can blefs the fight,
 And bosom of a widow.

" O widow, wilt thou let me in?
 " I'm pawky, wise, and thrifty,
 " And come of a right gentle kin;
 " I'm little mair than fifty."

Daft carle, dit your mouth,
 What signifies how pawky,
 Or gentle born ye be—bot youth,
 In love you're but a gawky.

" Then widow let these gunieas speak,
 " That powerfully plead clinkan,
 " And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,
 " And nae mair love will think on."

These court indeed, I maun confess,
 I think they make you young, Sir,
 And ten times better can express
 Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

THE PEREMPTOR LOVER.

Tune—*John Anderson, my Jo.*

'Tis not your beauty nor your wit,
 That can my heart obtain;
 For they could never conquer yet,
 Either my breast or brain;
 For if you'll not prove kind to me,
 And true as heretofore,
 Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be,
 Or doat upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
 By proving thus unkind;
 No smoothed fight, nor smiling frown,
 Can satisfy my mind.

Pray let Platonics play such pranks,
 Such follies I deride ;
 For love, at least, I will have thanks,
 And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,
 As I shall be with you,
 And let our actions be as free
 As virtue will allow.
 If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
 If true, I'll constant be ;
 If fortune chance to change your mind,
 I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our affections well ye know,
 In equal terms do stand,
 'Tis in your power to love or no,
 Mine's likewise in my hand.
 Dispense with your austerity,
 Inconstancy abhor,
 Or, by great Cupid's deity,
 I'll never love you more.

Q.

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU.

Tune—*The glancing of her Apron.*

My Jeany and I have toil'd
 The live-lang simmer day,
 'Till we amais't were spoil'd
 At making of the hay :
 Her kurchy was of holland clear,
 Ty'd to her bonny brow,
 I whisper'd something in her ear ;
 But what's that to you ?

Her stockings were of Kerfy green,
 As tight as ony filk :
 O sic a leg was never seen,
 Her skin was white as milk :

Her hair was black as ane could wish,
 And sweet, sweet was her mou;
 Oh! Jeany daintily can kifs;
 But what's that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine
 To make my Jeany fair,
 There is nae bennison like mine,
 I have amaißt nae care;
 Only I fear my Jeany's face,
 May cause mae men to rue,
 And that may gar me say, alas!
 But what's that to you.

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
 Hide that sweet face of thine,
 That I may only be the man
 Enjoys these looks divine.
 O do not prostitute, my dear,
 Wonders to common view,
 And I with faithful heart shall swear
 For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enow,
 And mony a concubine;
 But I enjoy a blis mair true,
 His joys were short of mine;
 And Jeany's happier than they,
 She seldom wants her due;
 All debts of love to her I pay,
 And what's that to you.

Q.

 SONG.

TO THE ABSENT FLORINDA.

Tune—*Queen of Sheba's March.*

COME, Florinda, lovely charmer,
 Come and fix this wav'ring heart;
 Let those eyes my soul rekindle,
 E'er I feel some foreign dart.

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Come, and with thy smiles secure me,
 If this heart be worth thy care,
 Favour'd by my dear Florinda,
 I'll be true, as she is fair.

Thousand beauties trip around me,
 And my yielding breast assail;
 Come and take me to thy bosom,
 Ere my constant passion fail.

Come, and like the radiant morning
 On my soul serenely shine,
 Then those glimm'ring stars shall vanish,
 Lost in splendor more divine.

Long this heart has been thy victim,
 Long has felt the pleasing pain,
 Come, and with an equal passion
 Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my charmer, I can promise,
 If our souls in love agree,
 None in all the upper dwellings
 Shall be happier than we.

A BACCHANAL SONG.

Tune—*Auld Sir Symon the King.*

Come here's to the nymph that I love,
 Away, ye vain sorrows away:
 Far, far from me, sorrows be gone,
 All then shall be pleasant and gay.

Far hence be the sad and the pensive,
 Come fill up the glasses around,
 We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
 And all our vain sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting,
 With every gay blooming desire,
 My blood with brisk ardour is growing.
 Soft pleasures my bosom inspire.

My soul now to love is dissolving,
Oh fate! had I here my fair charmer,
I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,
Of all her disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here
With his troops of vain cares in array?
Avaunt, idle pensive intruder,—
He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come, give me a bumper;
Young Cupid, here's to thy confusion.—
Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd,
Adieu to his anxious delusion.

Come, jolly God Bacchus, here's to thee;
Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza,
Sing Io, sing Io to Bacchus—
Hence, all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what should we do but be jovial?
Come tune up your voices and sing;
What soul is so dull to be heavy,
When wine sets our fancies on wing?

Come, Pegasus lies in this bottle,
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
Each of us a gallant young Perseus,
Sublime we'll ascend to the sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,
In seas of white æther I'm drown'd,
The clouds far beneath me are failing,
I see the spheres whirling around.

What darkness, what rattling is this?
Through Chaos' dark regions I'm hurl'd,
And now,—oh my head! it is knockt
Upon some confounded new world.

Now, now these dark shades are retiring,
See yonder bright blazes a star,
Where am I!—behold the Empyreum,
With flaming light streaming from far. I. W. Q.

TO MRS. A. C.

A SONG.

Tune—*All in the Downs.*

WHEN beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muse can no more cease to sing,
Than can the lark with rising light,
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.
The morning shines, harmonious birds mount high:
The dawning beauty smiles, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim
Th' inspired thought, and softest lays ;
And kindle in the breast a flame
Which must be vented in her praise.
Tell us, ye gentle shepherds, have you seen
E'er one so like an angel tread the green ?

Ye youths, be watchful of your hearts ;
When she appears, take the alarm :
Love on her beauty points his darts,
And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,
And to her snowy neck and breast resort.

But vain must every caution prove :
When such enchanting sweetness shines,
The wounded swain must yield to love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
Such flames the foppish butterfly should shun ;
The eagle's only fit to view the fun.

She's as the op'ning lily fair ;
Her lovely features are complete :
Whilst heav'n indulgent makes her share
With angels all that's wise and sweet.
These virtues which divinely deck her mind,
Exalt each other of th' inferior kind.

Whether she love the rural scenes,
 Or sparkle in the airy town,
 O! happy he her favour gains,
 Unhappy! if she on him frown.
 The muse unwilling quits the lovely theme,
 Adieu, she sings, and thrice repeats her name.

A PASTORAL SONG.

Tune—*My Apron, Deary.*

JAMIE.

WHILE our flocks are a feeding,
 And we're void of care,
 Come, Sandy, let's tune
 To praise of the fair:
 For, inspir'd by my Susie,
 I'll sing in such lays,
 That Pan, were he judge,
 Must allow me the bays.

SANDY.

While under this hawthorn,
 We ly at our ease,
 By a musical stream,
 And refresh'd by the breeze
 Of a Zephyr so gentle,
 Yes, Jamie, I'll try
 For to match you and Susie
 Dear Katie and I.

JAMIE.

Oh! my Susie so lovely,
 She's without compare,
 She's so comely, so good,
 And so charmingly fair,
 Sure, the gods were at pains
 To make so complete
 A nymph, that for love
 There was ne'er one so meet.

SANDY.

Oh, my Katy's so bright,
She's so witty and gay ;
Love, join'd with the graces,
Around her looks play.
In her mein she's so graceful,
In her humour so free ;
Sure the gods never fram'd
A maid fairer than she.

JAMIE.

Had my Susie been there,
When the shepherd declar'd
For the lady of Lemnos,
She had lost his regard :
And o'ercome by a presence
More beautifully bright,
He had own'd her undone,
As the darkness by light.

SANDY.

Not fair Helen of Greece,
Nor all the whole train,
Either of real beauties,
Or those poets feign,
Cou'd be match'd with my Katie,
Whose ev'ry sweet charm
May conquer best judges,
And coldest hearts warm :

JAMIE.

Neither riches nor honour,
Or any thing great,
Do I ask of the gods,
But that this be my fate,
That my Susie to all
My kind wishes comply :
For with her wou'd I live,
And with her I wou'd die.

SANDY.

If the fates give me Katie,
And her I enjoy,
I have all my desires ;
Nought can me annoy :
For my charmer has ev'ry
Delight in such store,
She'll make me more happy
Than swain e'er before.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

Over the mountains,
And over the waves ;
Over the fountains,
And under the groves ;
Over the floods that are deepest,
Which do Neptune obey ;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to ly ;
Where there is no space
For the receipt of a fly :
Where the midge dare not venture,
Left herself fast she lay ;
But if Love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child in his force,
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worfe ;
But if she, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
 Which is too unkind ;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing, to be blind :
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that ye may,
 Blind love, if so ye call him,
 He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist ;
 Or you may inveigle
 The phoenix of the east ;
 The lioness, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey,
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover,
 He will find out his way.

SONG.

Tune—*Throw the Wood Laddie.*

As early I walk'd, on the first of sweet May,
 Beneath a steep mountain,
 Beside a clear fountain,
 I heard a grave lute soft melody play,
 Whilst the Echo resounded the dolorous lay.
 I listen'd and look'd, and spy'd a young fwain,
 With aspect distressed,
 And spirits oppressed,
 Seem'd clearing afresh, like the sky after rain,
 And thus he discover'd how he strave with his pain.
 Tho' Elisa be coy, why should I complain,
 That a maid much above me,
 Vouchsafes not to love me ?
 In her high sphere of worth I could never shine ;
 Then why should I seek to debase her to mine ?

No: henceforth esteem shall govern my desire,
And in due subjection,
Retain warm affection;
To show that self-love inflames not my fire,
And that no other swain can more humbly admire.

When passion shall cease to rage in my breast,
Then quiet returning,
Shall hush my sad mourning;
And, lord of myself, in absolute rest,
I'll hug the condition which heaven shall think best.

Thus friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,
May still be respected,
Tho' love is rejected:
Elisa shall own, tho' to love not inclin'd,
That she ne'er had a friend like her lover resign'd.

May the fortunate youth who hereafter shall woo
With prosp'rous endeavour,
And gain her dear favour,
Know as well as I, what t' Elisa is due,
Be much more deserving, but never less true.

Whilst I, disengaged from all amorous cares,
Sweet liberty tasting,
On calmest peace feasting,
Employing my reason to dry up my tears,
In hopes of heaven's blisses I'll spend my few years.

Ye Powers who preside over virtuous love,
Come aid me with patience,
To bear my vexations;
With equal desires my flutt'ring heart move,
With sentiments purest my notions improve.

If love in his fetters e'er catch me again,
May courage protect me,
And prudence direct me;
Prepar'd for all fates, rememb'ring the swain,
Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

ROB'S JOCK.—*A very auld Ballat.*

Rob's Jock came to woo our Jenny,
On ae feast day when we were fou ;
She brankit salt and made her bonny,
And said, Jock, come ye here to woo ?
She burnitt her baith breast and brou,
And made her clear as ony cloak :
Then spak her dame, and said, I trou.
Ye come to woo our Jenny, Jock.
Jock said, Forfuith, I yern fu' fain,
To luk my head, and sit down by you :
Then spak her minny, and said again,
My bairn has tocher enough to gie you,
Tehie ! quo' Jenny, kick, kick, I see you :
Minny yon man makes but a mock.
Deil hae the liers—fu' lies me o' you,
I come to woo your Jenny, quo' Jock.
My bairn has tocher of her awin :
A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,
A stirk, a staig, an acre-sawin,
A bake bread and a bannock-stane ;
A pig, a pot, and a kirn there-ben,
A kame but a kaming-stock ;
With coags and luggies nine or ten :
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock ?
A wecht, a peet-creel, and a cradle,
A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,
An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,
A millie, and a fowen-pale,
A rousty whittle to shear the kail,
And a timber mell the bear to knock,
Twa shelfs made of an auld fir dale :
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock ?
A furm, a furlet, and a peck,
A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,
A tub, a barrow, and a feck,
A spurtil-braid, and an elwand.

Then Jock took Jenny be the hand,
And cry'd a feast ! and flew a cock,
And made a bridal upo' hand,
Now I have got your Jenny, quo' Jock.

Now dame, I have your dochter marri'd,
And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae tough,
I let ye wit she's nae miscarried,
It's well kend I have gear enough,
An auld gaw'd gloy'd fell owr a heugh,
A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock ;
Withouten owfen I have a pleugh :
May that no ser your Jenny ? quo' Jock.

A treen truncher, a ram-horn spoon,
Twa buits of barkit blasint leather,
A graith that ganes to coble shoon,
And a thrawcruick to twine a teather,
Twa crocks that moup amang the heather,
A pair of branks and a fetter-lock,
A teugh purse made of a swine's blather,
To had your tocher, Jenny, quo' Jock.

Good elding for our winter fire,
A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
A rake of iron to clat the bire,
A deuk about the dubs to paddle,
The pannel of an auld led faddle,
And Rob my eem heckt me a stock,
Twa lusty lips to lick a laddle.
May thir no gain your Jenny ? quo' Jock.

A pair of hames and brechom fine,
And without bitts a bridle renzie,
A fark made of the linkome twine,
A gay green cloak that will not stenzie ;
Mair yet in store,—I needna fenzie,
Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock,
And are not thae a wakrife menzie,
To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock ?

Tak thir for my part of the feast,
 It is well knawin I'm well bodin :
 Ye need not say my part is least,
 Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin,
 The wife speer'd gin the kail were fodin,
 When we have done, tak hame the brok ;
 The rost was tough as raploch hodin,
 With which they feasted Jenny and Jock. Z.

SONG.

Tune—*A Rock and a wee pickle Tow.*

I HAVE a green purse and a wee pickle gowd,
 A bonny piece land and a planting on't :
 It fattens my flocks, and my bairns it has stow'd ;
 But the best thing of a's yet a wanting on't :
 To grace it, and trace it,
 And gi'e me delight ;
 To bless me, and kiss me,
 And comfort my sight,
 With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
 And nae mair my lane gang faunt'ring on't.
 My Christy she's charming, and good as she's fair,
 Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet,
 She smiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e despair :
 I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
 Thou fairest and dearest,
 Delight of my mind,
 Whose gracious embraces
 By Heaven were design'd
 For happiest transports, and blisses refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.
 For thee, bonny Christy, my shepherds and hinds
 Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine :
 Thus freed from laigh care, while love fills our minds,
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.

Then hear me, and cheer me
 With smiling consent,
 Believe me, and give me
 No cause to lament,
 Since I ne'er can be happy till thou say, Content,
 I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

 SONG.
To its ain Tune.

ALTHO' I be but a country lass,
 Yet a lofty mind I bear—O,
 And think myself as good as those
 That rich apparel wear—O.
 Altho' my gown be hame-spun grey,
 My skin it is as fast—O,
 As them that fatin weeds do wear,
 And carry their heads aloft—O.
 What tho' I keep my father's sheep,
 The thing that must be done—O,
 With garlands of the finest flowers,
 To shade me frae the sun—O.
 When they are feeding pleasantly,
 Where grass and flowers do spring—O,
 Then on a flowery bank at noon,
 I set me down and sing—O.
 My Paisley piggy cork'd with sage,
 Contains my drink but thin—O,
 No wines do e'er my brains enrage,
 Or tempt my mind to sin—O.
 My country curds, and wooden spoon,
 I think them unco fine—O,
 And on a flowery bank at noon,
 I set me down and dine—O.
 Altho' my parents cannot raise
 Great bags of shining gold—O,
 Like them whase daughters now-a-days,
 Like swine are bought and sold—O;

Yet my fair body it shall keep
An honest heart within—O ;
And for twice fifty thousand crowns,
I value not a prin—O.
I use nae gums upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck—O,
Nor shining rings upon my hands,
My fingers straight to deck—O ;
But for that lad to me shall fa',
And I have grace to wed—O,
I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
I mean my maiden-head—O.
If canny fortune give to me
The man I dearly love—O,
Tho' we want gear, I dinna care,
My hands I can improve—O,
Expecting for a blessing still
Descending from above—O ;
Then we'll embrace and sweetly kifs,
Repeating tales of love—O.

WALY, WALY, GIN LOVE BE BONNY.

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burnside,
Where I and my love wont to gae.
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lightly me.
O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little time while it is new,
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my head ?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur Seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me;
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves off the tree?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency:
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely fight to see;
 My love was clad in the velvet black,
 And I mysel in cramashie.

But had I wist before I kifs'd,
 That love had been fae ill to win,
 I'd lock my heart in a case of gold,
 And pinn'd it with a silver pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were borne,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysell were dead and gane,
 For a maid again I'll never be.

Z.

 THE LOVING LASS, AND SPINNING WHEEL.

As I sat at my spinning wheel,
 A bonny lad was passing by:
 I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
 For trouth he had a glancing eye.
 My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near,
 And still mair lovely did appear;

R 2

And round about my slender waste
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd :
To kiss my hand, syne down did kneel,
As I sat at my spinning wheel.

My milk white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers lang and small,
And said there was nae lady fair
That ever could with me compare.
These words into my heart did steal,
But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be deny'd,
But still declar'd his love the mair,
Until my heart was wounded fair,
That I my love could scarce conceal,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnells and my spinning wheel ;
He bade me leave them all with speed,
And gang with him to yonder mead :
My yielding heart strange flames did feel,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

About my neck his arms he laid,
And whisper'd, Rise, my bonny maid,
And with me to yon hay cock go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.
In trouth I loo'd the motion weel,
And loot alane my spinning wheel.

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,
Then with my bonny lad I lay ;
What lassie, young and fast as I,
Could sic a handsome lad deny
These pleasures I cannot reveal,
That far surpass the spinning-wheel.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE R. H. LORD G..... AND
LADY K..... C.....

SONG.

Tune—*The highland Laddie.*

BRIGANTIUS.

Now all thy virgin-sweets are mine,
And all the shining charms that grace thee;
My fair Melinda, come, recline
Upon my breast, while I embrace thee,
And tell without dissembling art,
My happy raptures in thy bosom:
Thus will I pant within my heart,
A love that shall forever blossom.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,
Sure the gods well pleas'd behold ye;
Their work admire, so great, so fair,
And will in all your joys uphold ye.

MELINDA.

No more I blush, now that I'm thine,
To own my love in transport tender;
Since that so brave a man as mine,
To my Brigantius I surrender.
By sacred ties I'm now to move
As thy exalted thoughts direct me;
And while my smiles engage thy love,
Thy manly greatness shall protect me.
O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

Soft fall thy words, like morning dew,
New life on blowing flowers bestowing,
Thus kindly yielding makes me bow
To heaven, with grateful spirit glowing.

My honour, courage, wealth, and wit,
Thou dear delight, my chiefest treasure,
Shall be employ'd as thou think'st fit;
As agents for our love and pleasure.
O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

With my Brigantius I could live
In lonely cots beside a mountain,
And nature's easy wants relieve
With shepherds fare, and quaff the fountain.
What pleases thee, the rural grove,
Or congress of the fair and witty,
Shall give me pleasure with thy love,
In plains retir'd, or social city.
O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

How sweetly canst thou charm my soul,
O lovely sum of my desires!
Thy beauties all my cares controul,
Thy virtue all that's good inspires.
Tune ev'ry instrument of sound,
Which all thy mind divinely raises,
Till ev'ry height and dale rebounds,
Both loud and sweet, my darling's praises.
O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

Thy love gives me the brightest shine,
My happiness is now completed,
Since all that's gen'rous, great, and fine,
In my Brigantius is united;
For which I'll study thy delight,
With kindly tale the time beguiling,
And round the change of day and night
Fix throughout life a constant smiling.
O the happy, &c.

SONG.

Tune—*Woes my heart that we should sunder.*

ADIEU, ye pleasant sports and plays,
Farewell each song that was diverting ;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I sing of Delia and Damon's parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear, tormenting, pleasant passion,
Till Delia's mildness had prevail'd
On him to show his inclination.

Just as the fair one seem'd to give
A patient ear to his love story,
Damon must his Delia leave
To go in quest of toilsome glory.

Half-spoken words hung on his tongue,
Their eyes refus'd the usual meeting ;
And sighs supply'd their wonted song,
These charming souls were chang'd to weeping.

Dear idol of my soul, adieu ;
Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me ;
While Damon lives, he lives for you,
No other charms shall ever move me.

Alas ! who knows, when parted far
From Delia, but you may deceive her ?
The thought destroys my heart with care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear, for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,
May then my guardian angel leave me ;
And more to aggravate my woes,
Be you so good as to forgive me.

O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Jocky met with Jenny fair,
Aft be the dawning of the day ;
But Jocky now is fu' of care,
Since Jenny staw his heart away ;
Altho' she promis'd to be true,
She proven has, alake ! unkind ;
Which gars poor Jocky often rue,
That he ere loo'd a fickle mind.

And it's o'er the hills and far away,
It's o'er the hills and far away,
It's o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now Jocky was a bonny lad
As e'er was born in Scotland fair ;
But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
Since Jenny has gart him despair.
Young Jockey was a piper's son,
And fell in love when he was young ;
But a' the springs that he could play,
Was o'er the hills and far away.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He fung—When first my Jenny's face
I saw, she seem'd fae fu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas ! with sorrow kill'd.
Oh ! was she but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my despair,
Instead of that she is unkind,
And wavers like the winter wind.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Ah ! could she find the dismal wae,
That for her sake I undergae,
She could nae chuse but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief :

But oh! she is as fause as fair,
Which causes a' my sighs and care;
But she triumphs in proud disdain,
And takes a pleasure in my pain.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love
With ane that does fae faithless prove.
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my constant heart betray'd.
A thousand times to me she sware,
She wad be true for evermair;
But, to my grief, alake! I say
She staw my heart and ran away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her sake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll fighting sing, Adieu to love!
Since she is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play
O'er hills and dales, and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away. Z.

JENNY NETTLES.

Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
Coming frae the market;
Bag and baggage on her back,
Her fee and bountith in her lap;
Bag and baggage on her back,
And a baby in her oxter?

I met ayont the kairny
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Singing till her bairny,
 Robin Rattle's bastard ;
 To flee the dool upo' the stool,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about seeks Robin out,
 To flap it in his oxters.

Fy, fy ! Robin Rattle,
 Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle ;
 Fy, fy ! Robin Rattle,
 Use Jenny Nettles kindly :
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
 And without mair debate o't,
 Tak hame your wain, make Jenny fain
 The leel and leefome gate o't.

JOCKY'S FOU AND JENNY'S FAIN.

Jocky fou, Jenny fain,
 Jenny was nae ill to gain,
 She was couthy, he was kind,
 And thus the wooer tell'd his mind.

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,
 Gi'e me love at ony price ;
 I winna prig for red or white,
 Love alane can gi'e delyte.

Others seek they kenna that,
 In looks, in carriage, and a' that ;
 Give me love, for her I court :
 Love in love makes a' the sport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
 Common motives lang finsyne,
 Never can engage my love,
 Until my fancy first approve.

It is na meat but appetite
That makes our eating a delyt ;
Beauty is at best deceit ;
Fancy only kens nae cheat.

Q.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

WHEN Phœbus bright the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flowers he quick'neth :
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorow,
With radiant beams and silver streams,
Are Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
In equal length divideth,
Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth :
Then Flora queen, with mantle green,
Casts off her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres fell
In Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending ;
With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the sun, Good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mare pleasures yield
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

An house there stands on Leader side,
Surmounting my describing,
With rooms fae rare, and windows fair,
Like Dedalus' contriving :

Men passing by, do often cry,
In sooth it hath nae marrow ;
It stands as sweet on Leader side,
As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below, wha lists to ride,
They'll hear the mavis singing ;
Into St. Leonard's banks she'll bide,
Sweet birks her head o'er hinging :
The lintwhite loud, and progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St. Leonard's banks they sing,
As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
With nimble wing she sporteth.
By vows she'll flee far frae the tree
Where Philomel resorteth :
By break of day, the lark can say,
I'll bid you a good morrow,
I'll streak my wing, and mounting sing,
O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,
The east and western Mainfes,
The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
The corns are good in Blainshes,
Where aits are fine, and fald be kind,
That if ye search all thorow
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn Mill-bog and Whitflade shaws,
The fearful hare she haunteth,
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she knaws,
And Chapel-wood frequenteth.
Yet when she irks, to Kaidfly birks
She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she shou'd leave sweet Leader Haughs,
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
 Than hounds and beigles crying ;
 The started hare rins hard with fear,
 Upon her speed relying.
 But yet her strength it fails at length,
 Nae beilding can she borrow
 In Sorrel's field, Cleckman, or hag's,
 And sighs to be in Yarrow.
 For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
 With fight and scent pursue her,
 Till ah ! her pith begins to flag,
 Nae cunning can rescue her.
 O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and fyke,
 She'll run the fields all thorow,
 Till fail'd she fa's in Leader-haughs,
 And bids farewell to Yarrow.
 Sing Erflington and Cowdenknows,
 Where Homes had anes commanding :
 And Drygrange with thy milk-white ewes,
 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing :
 The bird that flies through Reedpath trees,
 And Gladswood banks ilk morrow,
 May chant and sing, Sweet Leader Haughs,
 And bonny howms of Yarrow.
 But Minstrel Burr cannot assuage
 His grief, while life endureth,
 To see the changes of this age,
 That fleeting time procureth ;
 For mony a place stands in hard case,
 Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
 With Homes that dwelt on Leader side,
 And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

For the sake of somebody,
 For the sake of somebody ;
 I cou'd wake a winter night,
 For the sake of somebody :

I am gawn to seek a wife,
 I am gawn to buy a plaidy ;
 I have three stane of woo,
 Carlin, is thy daughter ready ?
 For the sake of somebody, &c.

Betty, lassy, say't thyself,
 Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,
 First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
 Let her flyte and fyne come too :
 What signifies a mither's gloom,
 When love in kisses come in play ?
 Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
 And in simmer mak nae hay ?
 For the sake, &c.

SHE.

Bonny lad, I carena by,
 Tho' I try my luck with thee,
 Since ye are content to tye
 The ha'f-mark bridal band with me ;
 I'll slip hame and wash my feet,
 And steal on linens fair and clean,
 Syne at the trysting place we'll meet,
 To do but what my dame has done.
 For the sake, &c.

HE.

Now my lovely Betty gives
 Consent in sic a heartsome gate,
 It me frae a' my care relieves,
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate ;
 Then Let us gang and get the grace,
 For they that have an appetite
 Should eat ;—and lovers should embrace ;
 If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.
 For the sake, &c.

NORLAND JOCKY AND SOUTHLAND JENNY.

A SOUTHLAND Jenny that was right bonny,
 Had for a suitor a norland Johny ;

But he was fican a bashfu' wooer,
 That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her,
 Till blinks of her beauty, and hopes o' her filler,
 Forc'd him at last to tell his mind till her.
 My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
 Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the moor and marry.

SHE.

Come, come away then, my Norland laddie,
 Tho' we gang neatly, some are mair gaudy;
 And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,
 Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

HE.

Ye lasses of the south, ye're a' for dressing;
 Lasses of the north mind milking and threshing:
 My minny wad be angry, and sae wad my dady,
 Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a lady.
 For I maun hae a wife that will rise in the morning,
 Cradle a' the milk, and keep the house a scauldin',
 Toolie with her nibours, and learn at my minny,
 A norland Jocky maun hae a norland Jenny.

SHE.

My father's only daughter and twenty thousand pound
 Shall never be bestow'd on sic a silly clown;
 For a' that I said was to try what was in ye,
 Gae hame, ye norland Jock, and court your norland
 Jenny. Z.

THE AULD YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

THE yellow hair'd laddie sat down on yon brac,
 Cries, Milk the ews, lassie, let nane of them gae;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
 The yellow hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
 And ay she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claiting is thin;
 The ews are new clipped, they winna bught in:
 They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,
 O yellow hair'd laddie be kind to me:

They winna bught in, &c.

S 2

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny come ben,
 The cheefe is to mak, and the butter's to kirn.
 Tho' butter and cheefe, and a' shou'd four,
 I'll crack and kifs wi' my love ae ha'f hour;
 It's ae ha'f hour, and we's e'en make it three,
 For the yellow hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

SONG.

Tune—*Booth's Minute.*

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize,
 Reserv'd for your victorious eyes;
 From crowds whom at your feet you see,
 Oh! pity and distinguish me.

No graces can your form improve;
 But all are lost unless you love:
 If that dear passion you disdain,
 Your charms and beauty are in vain.

X.

Part of an EPILOGUE, sung after the acting of the
 ORPHAN and GENTLE SHEPHERD in Taylor's hall,
 by a set of young Gentlemen, January 22, 1729.

Tune—*Bessy Bell.*

THUS let us study night and day,
 To fit us for our station,
 That when we're men we parts may play
 Are useful to our nation.
 For now's the time, when we are young,
 To fix our views on merit,
 Water its buds, and make the tongue
 And actions suit the spirit.
 This all the fair and wise approve,
 We know it by your smiling,
 And while we gain respect and love,
 Our studies are not toiling.

Such application gives delight,
 And in the end proves gainful,
 Tho' many a dark and lifeless wight
 May think it hard and painful.
 Then never let us think our time
 And care when thus employ'd,
 Are thrown away, but deem't a crime,
 When youth's by sloth destroy'd ;
 'Tis only active souls can rise
 To fame, and all that's splendid,
 And favour in these conquering eyes,
 'Gainst whom no heart's defended.

THE GENEROUS GENTLEMAN.—A SONG.

Tune—*The bonny Lass of Branksome*

As I came in by Teviot-side,
 And by the braes of Branksome,
 There first I saw my bonny bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome;
 Her skin was faster than the down,
 And white as alabaster ;
 Her hair a shining wavy brown,
 In straitness nane surpass'd her :
 Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
 Her clear een were surprising,
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,
 Her little breasts just rising ;
 Nae filken hose, with gooshets fine,
 Or shoon with glancing laces,
 On her fair leg forbade to shine,
 Well shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
 Was sum of a' her clathing ;
 Even that's o'er meikle ; mair delight
 She'd given clad wi' naething :

She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
 By which a burnie trotted ;
 On her I glowr'd my faul away,
 While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,
 Till this dear artless struck my heart,
 And bot designing, charm'd me.
 Hurry'd by love, close to my breast
 I grasp'd this fund of blisses ;
 Wha simil'd, and said, Without a priest,
 Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
 And yet I cou'dna want her ;
 What she demanded, ilka charm
 Of her's pled I shou'd grant her.
 Since heaven hath dealt to me a rowth,
 Straight to the kirk I led her,
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,
 And a young lady made her.

THE HAPPY CLOWN.

How happy is the rural clown,
 Who far remov'd from noise of town,
 Contemns the glory of a crown,
 And in his safe retreat,
 Is pleas'd with his low degree,
 Is rich in decent poverty,
 From strife, from care, and bus'ness free,
 At once baith good and great !

No drums disturb his morning sleep,
 He fears no danger of the deep,
 Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap
 Vexation on his mind.

No trumpets rouse him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare;
From state intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
He labours, gently to adorn
His small paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds:
Each season of the wheeling year,
Industrious he improves with care;
And still some ripen'd fruits appear,
So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lies,
And angles with his baits and flies,
And next the sylvan scene he tries,
His spirit to regale;
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,
Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
No care his peace of mind destroys,
Nor does he pass his time in toys
Beneath his just regard:
He's fond to feel the zephyrs breeze,
To plant and sowed his tender trees:
And for attending well his bees,
Enjoys the sweet reward.

The flow'ry meads, and silent coves,
The scenes of faithful rural loves,
And warbling birds on blooming groves
Afford a wish'd delight:
But O! how pleasant is this life,
Bless'd with a chaste and virtuous wife,
And children prattling without strife,
Around his fire at night.

WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.

WILLY was a wanton wag,
The blytheft lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa :
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow ! but Willy he was braw,
And at his shoulder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw ;
And ay whatever Willy said,
It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-shaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fint a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd ?
He wan the love of great and sma' ;
For after he the bride had kifs'd,
He kifs'd the lasses halefale a'.

Sae merrily round the ring he row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen ?
When he danc'd with the lasses round,
The bridegroom spee'rd where he had been ?

Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing faith my shanks are fair,
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring ;
But shame light on his souple snout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling.

Then straight he to the bride did fare,
 Says, well's me on your bonny face,
 With bobbing Willy's shanks are fair,
 And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless, like Willie, ye advance ;
 (O ! Willy has a wanton leg) ;
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And foremost ay bears up the ring ;
 We will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want Willy's wanton fling.

W. W.

CELIA'S REFLECTIONS ON HERSELF FOR SLIGHTING
 PHILANDER'S LOVE.

Tune—*The Gallant Shoe-maker.*

YOUNG Philander woo'd me lang,
 But I was peevish and forbad him,
 I wadna tent his loving sang,
 But now I wish, I wish I had him :
 Ilk morning when I view my glass,
 Then I perceive my beauty going ;
 And when the wrinkles seize the face,
 Then we may bid adieu to wooing.
 My beauty, anes so much admir'd,
 I find it fading fast, and flying ;
 My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
 Grow pale, the broken blood decaying ;
 Ah ! we may see ourselves to be,
 Like summer fruit that is unshaken ;
 When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
 And by corruption quickly taken.
 Use then your time, ye virgins fair,
 Employ your day before 'tis evil ;
 Fifteen is a season rare,
 But five and twenty is the devil.

Just when ripe, consent unto't,
 Hug nae mair your lanely pillow ;
 Women are like other fruit,
 They lose their relish when too mellow.

If opportunity be lost,
 You'll find it hard to be regain'd ;
 Which now I may tell to my cost,
 Though but my fell nane can be blam'd :
 If then your fortune you respect,
 Take the occasion when it offers ;
 Nor a true lover's suit neglect,
 Lest you be scoff'd for being scoffers.

I, by his fond expressions thought,
 That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing ;
 But now, alas ! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, past my hope, he's gane a ranging.
 Dear maidens, then take my advice,
 And let na coyness prove your ruin ;
 For if ye be o'er foolish nice,
 Your suitors will give over wooing.
 Then maidens auld you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,
 As lang as life ; and when ye die,
 With leading apes be ever cumber'd :
 A punishment, and hated brand,
 With which nane of us are contented ;
 Then be not wise behind the hand,
 That the mistake may be prevented.

THE YOUNG LADIES THANKS TO THE REPENTING
 VIRGIN FOR HER SEASONABLE ADVICE.

O Virgin kind! we canna tell
 How many many thanks we owe you,
 For pointing out to us sae well
 Those very rocks that did o'erthrow you :

And we your lesson sae shall mind,
 That e'en though a' our kin had swore it,
 Ere we shall be an hour behind,
 We'll take a year or twa before it.
 We'll catch all winds blaw in our sails,
 And still keep out our flag and pinnet;
 If young Philander anes assails
 To storm love's fort, then he shall win it:
 We may indeed, for modesty,
 Present our forces for resistance;
 But we shall quickly lay them by,
 And contribute to his assistance.

THE STEP DAUGHTER'S RELIEF,

Tune—*The Kirk wad let me be.*

I WAS anes a well tocher'd lass,
 My mither left dollars to me;
 But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
 My step dame has gart them flee.
 My father he's aften frae hame,
 And she plays the deel with his gear?
 She neither has lawtith nor shame,
 And keeps the hale house in a steer.
 She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless, and bauld,
 And gars me aft fret and repine;
 While hungry, half-naked and cauld,
 I see her destroy what's mine:
 But soon I might hope a revenge,
 And soon of my sorrows be free,
 My poortith to plenty wad change,
 If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd
 This bonny lass tenderly,
 I'll take thee sweet May, in thy snood,
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

'Tis only your fell that I want,
 Your kindness is better to me
 Than a' that your step mother, scant
 Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, it's true,
 And ye are the sprout of a laird;
 But I have milk-cattle enow,
 And rowth of good rucks in my yard;
 Ye shall have naething to fash ye,
 Sax servants shall jouk to thee:
 Then kilt up thy coats my lassie,
 And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employed,
 Not thinking the offer amiss,
 Consented;—while Ringan o'erjoyed,
 Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.
 And now she sits blythly singan,
 And joking her drunken step-dame,
 Delighted with her dear Ringan,
 That makes her good-wife at hame.

JEANY, WHERE HAST THOU BEEN?

O JEANY, Jeany, where hast thou been?
 Father and mother are seeking of thee,
 Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
 Keeping of Jocky company.
 O Betty, I've been to hear the mill clack,
 Getting meal ground for the family,
 As fow as it gade I brang hame the sack,
 For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.
 Ha! Jeany, Jeany, there's meal on your back,
 The millar's a wanton billy, and slee,
 Though victual's come hame again hale, what reck!
 I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.

And, Betty, ye spread your linen to bleach,
 When that was done, where could you be?
 Ha! las, I saw you slip down the hedge,
 And wanton Willy was following thee.

Ay, Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the kirk;
 But when it skail'd, where could thou be?
 Ye came na hame till it was mirk,
 They say the kissing clerk came wi' ye.
 O silly lassie, what wilt thou do?
 If thou grow great, they'll heeze thee hie.
 Look to yoursell, if Jock prove true:
 The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.

Q.

 SONG.

Tune—*Last time I came o'er the moor.*

Ye blythest lads, and lasses gay,
 Hear what my sang discloses.
 As I ae morning sleeping lay
 Upon a bank of roses,
 Young Jamie whisking o'er the mead,
 By good luck chanc'd to spy me:
 He took his bonnet aff his head,
 And fastly sat down by me.
 Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd,
 Yet now I wadna ken him;
 But with a frown my face disguis'd,
 And strave away to send him:
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And by my side down lying,
 His beating heart thumped sae fast,
 I thought the lad was dying.
 But still resolving to deny,
 And angry passion feigning,
 I aften roughly shot him by,
 With words full of disdain.

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Poor Jamie bawk'd, nae favour wins,
Went aff much discontented;
But I in truth, for a' my sins,
Ne'er haff sae fair repented.

X.

THE COCK LAIRD.

A cock laird fou cadgie,
With Jenny did meet,
He haws'd her, he kifs'd her,
And ca'd her his sweet,
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny?
Thou'fe be my ain lemman,
Jo Jenny, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,
Ye mauna fail
To feast me with caddels,
And good hacket-kail.
The deel's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he,
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee?

And I maun hae pinners,
With pearlins set round,
A skirt of puddy,
And a waistcoat of brown.
Awa with sic vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
As meikle a-year,
As haud us in pottage
And good knockit beer:

But having nae tenants,
 O Jenny, Jenny,
 To buy ought I ne'er have
 A penny, quoth he.

The borrowstoun merchants
 Will sell ye on tick,
 For we maun hae braw things,
 Albeit they foud break.
 When broken, frae care,
 The fools are set free,
 When we make them lairds
 In the Abbey, quoth she.

THE SOGER LADDIE.

My soger laddie is over the sea,
 And he will bring gold and money to me;
 And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,
 My blessing gang with my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
 And can as a soger and lover behave;
 True to his country, to love he is steddly,
 There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
 Return him with laurels to my langing arms,
 Syne frae all my care ye'll presently free me,
 When back to my wishes my soger ye gi'e me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
 As quickly they must if he get his due:
 For in noble actions his courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

THE ARCHERS MARCH.

SOUND, found the music, found it,
Let hills and dales rebound it :
Let hills and dales rebound it,
 In praise of archery :
Its origin divine is,
The practice brave and fine is,
Which generously inclines us
 To guard our liberty.

Art by the Gods employed,
By which heroes enjoyed,
By which heroes enjoyed
 The wreaths of victory.
The Deity of Parnassus,
The God of soft caresses,
Chaste Cynthia and her lasses,
 Delight in archery.

See, see yon bow extended !
'Tis Jove himself that bends it,
'Tis Jove himself that bends it,
 O'er clouds on high it glows.
All nations, Turks and Parthians,
The Tartars and the Scythians,
The Arabs, Moors, and Indians
 With bravery draw their bows,

Our own true records tell us,
That none could e'er excel us,
That none could e'er excel us
 In martial archery :
With shafts our fires engaging,
Oppos'd the Romans raging,
Defeat the fierce Norwegian,
 And spared few Danes to flee.

Witness **LARGS** and **LONCARTIE**,
DUNKEL and **ABERLEMNY**,
Dunkel and **Aberlemny**,

ROSLINE and **BANNOCKBURN**,
 The **CHIVIOTS** ——— all the border,
 Were bowmen in brave order,
 Told enemies, if furdur

They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.
 Sound, found the music, found it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,

In praise of archery.
 Us'd as a game it pleases,
 The mind to joy it raises,

LARGS, where the Norwegians, headed by their valiant king **Haco**, were, *anno*, 1263, totally defeat by **Alexander III.** king of Scots; the heroic **Alexander**, great steward of Scotland, commanded the right wing.

LONCARTIE, near **Perth**, where king **Kenneth III.** obtained the victory over the **Danes**, which was principally owing to the valour and resolution of the first brave **Hay**, and his two sons.

DUNKEL, here, and in **Kyle**, and on the banks of **Tay**, our great king **Corbredus Galdus**, in three battles, overthrew 30,000 **Romans** in the reign of the emperor **Domitian**.

ABERLEMNY, four miles from **Brechin**, where king **Malcolm II.** obtained a glorious victory over the united armies of **Danes**, **Norwegians**, and **Cumbrians**, &c. commanded by **Sueno** king of **Denmark**, and his warlike son, prince **Canute**.

ROSLINE, about five miles south of **Edinburgh**, where 10,000 **Scots**, led by **Sir John Cuming**, and **Sir Simon Frazer**, defeat, in three battles, in one day, 30,000 of their enemies, *anno* 1303.

The battles of **Bannockburn** and **Chiviot**, &c. are so well known, that they require no notes.

And throws off all diseases
Of lazy luxury.

Now, now our care beguiling,
When all the year looks smiling,
When all the year looks smiling,
With healthful harmony :
The sun in glory glowing,
With morning dew bestowing,
Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
To flowers and every tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,
An hearty band and loyal,
An hearty band and loyal,
That in just thoughts agree,
Appear in ancient bravery,
Despising all base knavery,
Which tends to bring in slavery
Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, found the music, found it,
Fill up the glass and round wi't,
Fill up the glass and round wi't,
Health and prosperity
T' our great CHIEF and Officers,
T' our President and Counsellors :
To all, who like their brave forbears,
Delight in archery.

The following SONGS, sung in their proper Places,
in acting of the GENTLE SHEPHERD.

SANG I. THE WAWKING OF THE FAULD.

Sung by Patie.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,

Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane ;

I wish nae mair, to lay my care,
I wish nae mair, of a' that's rare.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld ;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld,
And nathing gi'es me sic delight
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly
When on my pipe I play ;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
At wawking of the fauld.

SANG II. FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WITH STRAE.

Sung by Patie.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a flight,
Seem'd unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight :
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse—then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their een :
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

SANG III. POLWART ON THE GREEN.

Sung by Peggy.

THE dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld,
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld :
 The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
 Nor eats, though hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at it's meat,
 And's laught at by the lave ;
 They jest it till the dinner's past,
 Thus by it sell abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.

SANG IV. O DEAR MOTHER, WHAT SHALL I DO?

Sung by Jenny.

O Dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling,
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betide you.
 Lassies when their fancy's carried,
 Think of nought but to be married ;
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

SANG V. HOW CAN I BE SAD ON MY WEDDING DAY?

Sung by Peggy.

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 'That has better sence than any of thae,
 Sour weak filly fellows, who study like fools
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools ?
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife ;
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

SANG VI. NANCY'S TO THE GREEN WOOD GANE.

Sung by Jenny.

I Yield, dear lassie, you have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying ;
 For a' that we can do or say,
 'Gainst love nae thinker heeds us,
 They ken our losoms lodge the fae,
 That by the heart-strings leads us.

SANG VII. CAULD KALE IN ABERDEEN,

Sung by Glaucl or Simon.

CAULD be the rebel's cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody,
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a woody.
 Blest be he of worth and sence,
 And ever high his station,
 Who bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king and nation.

SANG VIII. MUCKING OF GEORDY'S BYRE.

Sung by Simon.

THE laird who in riches and honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
 Nor rack the poor tenants, wha labour
 To rise aboon poverty ;
 Else, like the pack horse that's unfother'd
 And burden'd, will tumble down faint ;
 Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
 And rackers aft tine their rent.

SANG IX. CARLE AND THE KING COME..

Sung by Maufe.

PEGGY, now the king's come,
 Peggy, now the king's come,
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 Peggy, since the king's come.
 Nae mair the hawkies thou shalt milk,
 But change thy plaiding coat for silk,
 And be a lady of that ilk,
 Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

SANG X. WINTER WAS CAULD, AND MY CLAITHING
WAS THIN.*Sung by Peggy and Patie.*

PEGGY.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
 And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
 To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

bells

When corn riggs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,

Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :
'Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me ;
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden Broom Knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the milking the ews ;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing,
At Thro' the wood laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The Boat man, Tweedside, or the Lafs of the mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire ?
And praises sae kindly increas'es love's fire ;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

SANG XI. BY THE DELICIOUS WARMNESS OF THE
MOUTH.

Sung by Patie and Peggy.

*Printed in this Miscellany,
Vol. I. Page 75.*

SANG XII. HAPPY CLOWN.

Sung by Sir William, p. 35.

Hid from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks,

Healthful and innocently gay
 He chants, and whistles out the day ;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy from ambition free,
 Envy and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unfullied with a crime :
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

SANG XIII. LEITH WYND.

Sung by Jenny and Roger.

WERE I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain,
 The easy maid beset with love,
 Few words will quickly gain ;
 For I must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah ! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline ;
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead !
 Is Jenny then sae kind ?——
 O let me bris thee to my heart !
 And round my arms entwine !
 Delightful thought ! we'll never part !
 Come press thy mouth to mine.

SANG XIV. O'ER BOGIE.

Sung by Jenny.

WELL, I agree, ye're fure of me ;
 Next to my father gae ;
 Make him content to give consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay :
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you weel,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain :
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.
 Then never range, or learn to change,
 Like those in high degree :
 And if you prove faithful in love
 You'll find nae fault in me.

SANG XV. WAT YE WHA I MET YESTREEN?

Sung by Sir William.

Now from rusticity, and love,
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,
 His soul must take another turn :
 As the rough diamond from the mine,
 In breaking only shows its light,
 Till polishing has made it shine :
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.

SANG XVI. KIRK WAD LET ME BE.

Sung by Patie.

DUTY and part of reason,
 Plead strong on the parents side,
 Which love superior calls treason ;
 The strongest must be obey'd :
 For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repels ;
 For change in my heart has no entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.

SANG XVII. WOES MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD
SUNDER.*Sung by Peggy.*

SPEAK on,—speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy funder.
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me ! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell ;
 Ah ! I can die, but never funder.
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're afunder.

Again, ah ! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty ?

Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

SANG XVIII. TWEEDSIDE.

Sung by Peggy.

WHEN hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break ;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will sav't for thy sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms ;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life ;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin-deep,
Must fade like the gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.

SANG XIX. BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Sung by Peggy.

At setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the birken-bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst infold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood, shaw, or fountain ;
 Or where the summer-day I'd share
 With thee, upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flowers,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is your's
 A heart which cannot wander.

SANG XX. BONNY GREY EY'D MORN.

Sung by Sir William.

THE bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day ;
 Without a guilty fling to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain,

Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

ON OUR LADIES BEING DRESSED IN SCOTS MANUFACTORY AT A PUBLIC ASSEMBLY.

A SONG.

Tune—*O'er the hills and far away.*

LET meaner beauties use their art,
And range both Indies for their dress,
Our fair can captivate the heart
In native weeds, nor look the less.
More bright unborrow'd beauties shine,
The artless sweetness of each face
Sparkles with lustres more divine,
When freed of every foreign grace.
The tawny nymph on scorching plains,
May use the aid of gems and paint,
Deck with brocade and Tyrian stains
Features of ruder form and taint.
What Caledonian ladies wear,
Or from the lint or woollen twine,
Adorn'd by all their sweets, appear
Whate'er we can imagine fine.
Apparel neat becomes the fair,
The dirty dress may lovers cool,
But clean, our maids need have no care,
If clad in linen, silk, or wool.
T'adore Myrtilla who can cease?
Her active charms our praise demand,
Clad in a mantua, from the fleece,
Spun by her own delighted hand.
Who can behold Calista's eyes,
Her breast, her cheek, and snowy arms,

And mind what artists can devise,
To rival more superior charms?
Compar'd with those, the diamond's dull,
Lawns, satins, and the velvets fade,
The soul with her attractions full,
Can never be by these betray'd.
Sapphira, all o'er native sweets,
Not the false glare of dress regards,
Her wit, her character completes,
Her smile her lovers sighs rewards.
When such first beauties lead the way,
The inferior rank will follow soon;
Then arts no longer shall decay,
But trade encourag'd be in tune.
Millions of fleeces shall be wove,
And flax that on the valleys blooms,
Shall make the naked nations love
And bless the labours of our looms:
We have enough, nor want from them,
But trifles hardly worth our care,
Yet for these trifles let them claim
What food and cloth we have to spare.
How happy's Scotland in her fair!
Her amiable daughters shall,
By acting thus with virtuous care,
Again the golden age recall:
Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
Shall miss a court; but soon advance
In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
Around the scenes, or in the dance.
Barbarity shall yield to sense,
And lazy pride to useful arts,
When such dear angels in defence
Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
Blest guardians of our joys and wealth,
True fountains of delight and love,
Long bloom your charms, fixt be your health,
'Till tir'd with earth ye mount above.

HARDYKNUTE.

A FRAGMENT OF AN OLD HEROIC BALLAD.

I.

STATELY stept he east the wa',
And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
With scarce seven years of rest.
He liv'd when Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland meikle wae :
And ay his sword tald to their cost,
He was their deadly fae.

II.

High on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and tours a hight,
And guidly chambers fair to see,
Where he lodg'd mony a knight.
His dame sae pierless anes and fair,
For chaste and beauty deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Save Elenor the Queen.

III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
All men of valour stout :
In bluidy fight, with sword in hand,
Nine lost their lives bot doubt ;
Four yet remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land :
High was their fame, high was their might,
And high was their command.

IV.

Great love they bare to Fairly fair,
Their sister fast and deir,
Her girdle shawd her middle jimp,
And gowden glist her hair.
What waefou wae her bewtie bred ?
Waefou to young and auld.
Waefou I trou to kyth and kin,
As story ever tauld.

V.

The King of Norfe in summer tide,
 Puft up with power and might,
 Landed in fair Scotland the ifle,
 With mony a hardy knight :
 The tidings to our gude Scots king,
 Came as he fat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in brave array,
 Drinking the blude-red wyne.

VI.

“ To horfe, to horfe, my royal liege,
 “ Your faes ftand on the ftand,
 “ Full twenty thoufand glittering fpears
 “ The king of Norfe commands.”
 ‘ Bring me my fteed, Madge, dapple gray,’
 Our gude King raife and cry’d ;
 ‘ A trustier beaft in all the land,
 ‘ A Scots King never fey’d.

VII.

‘ Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
 ‘ Wha lives on hill fo hie,
 ‘ To draw his fword, the dreid of faes,
 ‘ And hafte and follow me.’
 The little page flew fwift as dart
 Flung by his mafter’s arm.
 ‘ Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
 ‘ And redd your King frae harm.’

VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
 Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
 His looks grew keen as they were wont
 In dangers great to do ;
 He has tane a horn as green as grafs,
 And gien five founds fae shrill,
 That trees in greenwood shook thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His fons in manly fport and glie,
 Had paft the summer’s morn,

When lo ! down in a grassy dale,
 They heard their father's horn.
 ' That horn,' quoth they, ' ne'er sounds in peace,
 ' We have other sports to byde ;'
 And soon they hey'd them up the hill,
 And soon were at his syde.

X.

' Late, late yestreen I weind in peace
 ' To end my lengthen'd life,
 ' My age might weil excuse my arm,
 ' Frae manly feats of strife ;
 ' But now that Norfe does proudly boast
 ' Fair Scotland to enthrall,
 ' It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute
 ' He fear'd to fight or fall.

XI.

' Robin of Rothfay, bend thy bow,
 ' Thy arrow shoot so leil,
 ' Mony a comely countenance
 ' They have turn'd to deadly pale :
 ' Brade Thomas, tak ye but your lance,
 ' Ye neid nae weapons mair,
 ' Gif ye fight weit as ye did anes
 ' 'Gainst Westmorland's fierce heir.

XII.

' Malcolm, light of foot as stag
 ' That runs in forest wyld,
 ' Get me my thousands three of men
 ' Well bred to sword and shield :
 ' Bring me my horse and harnifine,
 ' My blade of metal clear.'

If faes kend but the hand it bare,
 They soon had fled for fear.

XIII.

' Fareweil, my dame sae pierless good,'
 Syne took her by the hand,
 ' Fairer to me in age you seem,
 ' Than maids for bewty fam'd :

My youngest son fall here remain
To guard these stately towirs,
And shut the silver bolt that keeps
Sae fast your painted bowirs.

XIV.

And first she wet her comely cheiks,
And then her boddice green,
Hir silken cords of twirtle twist,
Weil plett with silver sheen;
And apron set with mony a dyce
Of needle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may gues, f
Save that of Fairly fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
When he came tó a wounded knight
Making a heavy mane;
Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacherous false Gyles;
Witless I was that e'er gave faith
To wicked woman's smyles.

XVI.

Sir knight, gin ye were in my bowir
To lean on filken seat,
My ladie's kindlie care you'd prove,
Wha neir kend deidly hate;
Hir self wald watch ye all the day,
Hir maids a deid of night;
And Fairly fair your heart would cheir,
As she stands in your fight.

XVII.

Arise, young knight, and mount your steid,
Full louns the shynand day,
Chuse frae my menzie whom ye please
To lead ye on the way.
With smyleless look, and visage wan,
The wounded knight reply'd,

Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,
For here I maun abide.

XVIII.

To me nae after day nor night
Can eir be fweir or fair,
But soon beneath some drapping tree,
Cauld death fall end my care.
With him nae pleading might prevail,
Brave Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest words and reason strang,
Strave courteously in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord Chattan's land sae wyde,
That lord a worthy wight was ay,
When faes his courage sey'd :
Of Pictish race by mother's fyde,
When Picts rul'd Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
When he sav'd Pictish crown.

XX.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train,
He reach'd a rising height,
Whair braid encampit on the dale,
Norfe' army lay in fight ;
Yonder, my valiant sons and feirs,
Our raging revers wait
On the unconquer'd Scottish swaird,
To try with us their fate.

XXI.

Mak orisons to him that sav'd
Our fauls upon the rude,
Synne bravely shaw your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian blude.
Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
While thousands all around,
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
And loud the bougils found.

XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill
 In haste his march he made,
 Whyle, playand pibrochs minstralls meit,
 Afore him stately strade.
 Thryse welcom valiant stoup of weir,
 Thy nation's shield and pryde ;
 Thy king nae reason has to feir
 When thou art by his syde.

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
 For thrang scarce could they flie,
 The darts clove arrows as they met,
 The arrows dart the trie.
 Lang did they rage and fight full fierce,
 With little skaith to man,
 But bluddy, bluddy was the field,
 Or that lang day was dane.

XXIV.

The king of Scots, that findle bruik'd
 The war that look'd like play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
 Sen bows seimt but delay :
 Quoth Noble Rothfay, Myne I'll keip,
 I wate its bled a score.
 Haste up, my merry men, cry'd the king,
 As he rade on before.

XXV.

The king of Norfe he sought to find,
 With him to mense the fight,
 But on his forehead there did light
 A sharp unsonsie shaft ;
 As he his hand put up to find
 The wound, an arrow keen,
 O waefou chance ! there pinn'd his hand
 In midst between his een.

XXVI.

Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothfay's heir,
 Your mail-coat fall nocht byde

‘ The strength and sharpness of my dart;
 Then sent it through his syde :
 Another arrow weil he mark’d,
 It pierc’d his neck in twa,
 His hands then quat the silver reins,
 He laigh as eard did fa’.

XXVII.

‘ Sair blieds my liege, fair, fair he blieds.
 Again with might he drew
 And gesture dreid his sturdy bow,
 Fast the braid arrow flew.
 Wae to the knight he ettled at,
 Lament now Queene Elgried ;
 Hie dames too wail your darlings fall,
 His youth and comely meid.

XXVIII.

‘ Take aff, take aff his costlly jupe
 (Of gold weil was it twyn’d,
 Knit like the fowlers net, through which
 His steilly harness shyn’d):
 ‘ Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
 ‘ Him ’venge the blude it beirs ;
 ‘ Say, if he face my bended bow,
 ‘ He fure nae weapon fears.’

XXIX.

Proud Norse, with giant body tall,
 Braid shoulders and arms strong,
 Cry’d, ‘ Where is Hardyknute fae fam’d,
 ‘ And feir’d at Britain’s throne :
 ‘ The Britons tremble at his name,
 ‘ I soon shall make him wail
 ‘ That eir my fword was made fae sharp,
 ‘ Sae fast his coat of mail.’

XXX.

That brag his stout heart coudna byde,
 It lent him youthful might :
 ‘ I’m Hardyknute this day,’ he cry’d,
 ‘ To Scotland’s king I height,

‘ To lay thee law as horses hufe,
 ‘ My word I mean to keip,’
 Syne with the first strake eir he strake,
 He garr’d his body bleid.

XXXI.

Norse’ een lyke gray gosehawks stair’d wyld,
 He fight with shame and spyte ;
 ‘ Disgrac’d is now my far fam’d arm
 ‘ That left thee power to stryke :’
 Then gave his head a blaw fae fell,
 It made him down to stoup,
 As law as he to ladies us’d
 In courtly gyse to lout.

XXXII.

Full soon he rais’d his bent body,
 His bow he marvell’d fair,
 Sen blaws till then on him but darr’d
 As touch of Fairly fair :
 Norse ferliet too as fair as he
 To see his stately look,
 Sae soon as eir he strake a fae,
 Sae soon his life he took.

XXXIII.

Whair like a fyre to heather set,
 Bauld Thomas did advance,
 A sturdy fae with look enrag’d
 Up towards him did prance ;
 He spurr’d his steed through thickest rank,
 The hardy youth to quell,
 Wha stood unmov’d at his approach
 His fury to repel.

XXXIV.

‘ That short brown shaft fae meanly trimm’d
 ‘ Looks like poor Scotland’s geir,
 ‘ But dreidful seims the rusty poynt !
 ‘ And loud he leugh in jeir.
 ‘ Aft Britain’s blude has dimm’d its shyne,
 ‘ This poynt cut short their vaunt ;’

Syne pierc'd the boaster's bairded cheik,
Nae time he took to taunt.

XXXV.

Short while he in his faddle fwang,
His stirrup was nae stay,
Sae feeble hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey :
Swith on the harden'd clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud,
But Thomas look'd not as he lay
All waltering in his blude.

XXXVI.

With cairless gesture, mynd unmov'd,
On raid he north the plain,
His feim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
When winner ay the fame :
Nor yet his heart dames dipeik,
Could meise fast love to bruik,
Till vengeful And return'd his scorn,
Then languid grew his look.

XXXVII.

In thrawis of death with wallowit cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to arise again ;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythsome sounds,
To boast the glories of the day,
And shaw their shyning wounds.

XXXVIII.

On Norway's coast the widow'd dame
May wash the rocks with teirs,
May lang look owre the shiplefs seis,
Before hir mate appears.
Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyis in the clay,
The valiant Scots nae revers thole
To carry life away,

XXXIX.

There on a lie, whair stands a cross,
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands full fierce that summer's day
 Fill'd keen waris black intent.
 Let Scots, while Scots praise Hardyknute,
 Let Norse the name ay dreed,
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spair'd,
 Sal latest ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew westlin wind,
 -Sair beat the heavy showir,
 Mirk grew the night e'er Hardyknute
 Wan neir his stately tower;
 His tower that us'd with torches bleise,
 To shyne fae far at night,
 Seim'd now as black as mourning weid,
 Nae marvel fair he sight.

XLI.

' There's nae light in my lady's bowir,
 ' There's nae light in my hall;
 ' Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
 ' Nor Warp stands on my wall.
 ' What bodes it?' Robert, Thomas say,
 Nae answer fits their dreid.
 ' Stand back, my sons, I'll be your gyde,
 But by they past with speid.

XLII.

' As fast as I haef sped owre Scotland's faes,
 There ceist his brag of weir,
 Seir sham'd to mynd ought but his dame,
 And maiden Fairly fair.
 Black fear he felt, but what to fear,
 He wist not yet with dreid;
 Sair shook his body, fair his limbs,
 And all the warrior fled.

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THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 And let us leave the braes of Yarrow.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
 Where got ye that winsome marrow?
 I got her where I durst not well be seen,
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride?
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
 Nor let thy heart lament to leave
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
 And why dare ye nae mair be seen
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

Lang must she weep, lang must she, must she weep,
 Lang must she weep with dole and sorrow,
 And lang must I nae mair well be seen
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
 Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow!
 And I have slain the loveliest swain,
 That ever pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
 Why on thy brae's heard the voice of sorrow,
 And why yon melancholious weeds,
 Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow!

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
 What's yonder floats? O dole and sorrow!
 O 'tis the comely swain I flew
 Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears of dole and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in woful wife,
His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? But to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan, [grafs,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet, as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As sweet its grafs, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Though he was fair, and well-belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and loe me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,

How loe him on the banks of Tweed,
'That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing,
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheeded of my dole and sorrow,
But e'er the toofal of the night,
He lay a corps on the braes of Yarrow:

Much I rejoic'd that woeful, woeful day,
I sung, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear;
How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek on Yarrow's braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threat'ning words to move me,
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter.
Ah me ! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow !
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with yellow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee ;
Yet lie all night between my breasts ;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely youth, lovely youth !
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy usefess sorrow,
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

